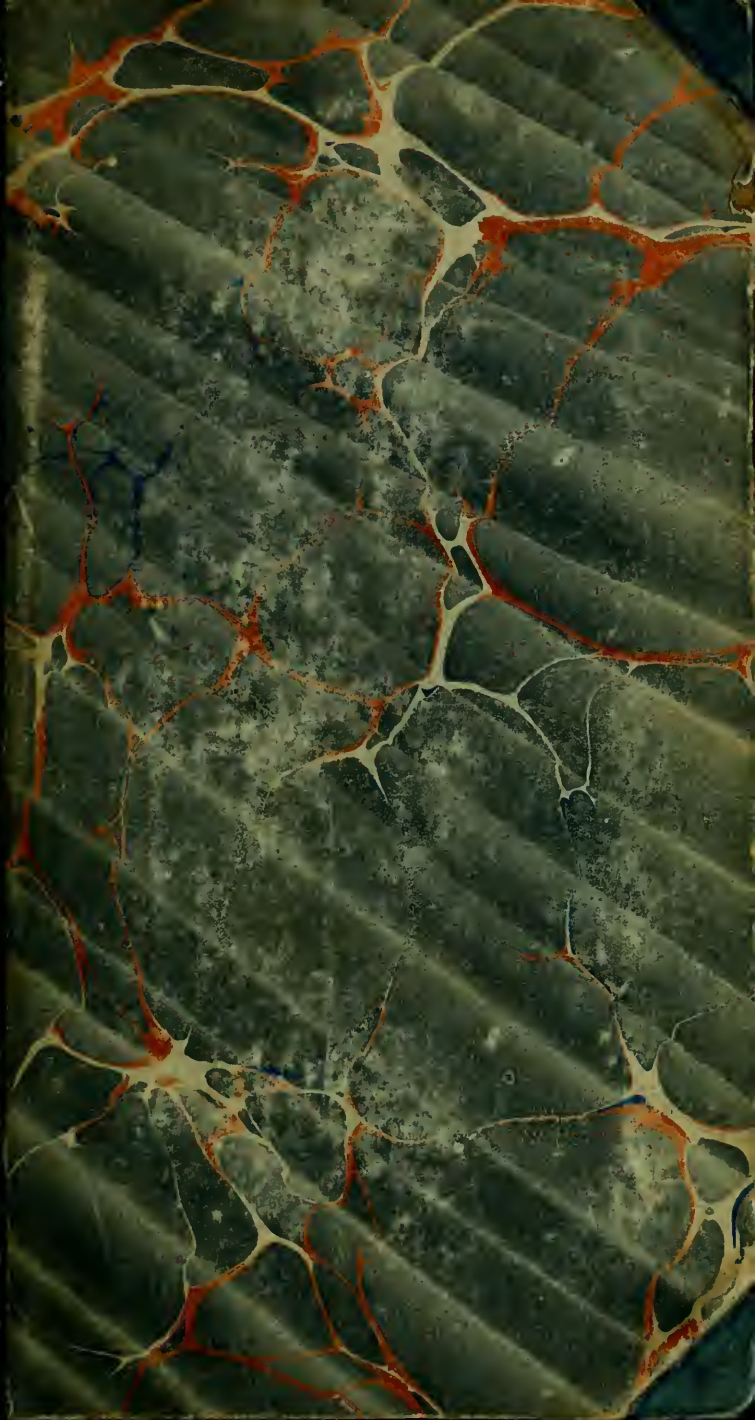


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THE
A B D U C T I O N ;

OR, THE
ADVENTURES

OF
MAJOR SARNEY:

A STORY OF THE TIMES OF CHARLES THE SECOND.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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THE ABDUCTION.

CHAPTER I.

You would go hang her now for a witch,
Because she will not let you play round-Robin ;
And you'll go sour the citizen's cream 'gainst Sunday,
That she may be accused for't, and condemned
By a Middlesex jury, to the satisfaction
Of their offended friends the Londoner's wives
Whose teeth were set on edge by it.

The Devil is an Ass.

A FEW days after the battle of Pentland Hills, Sir Ludowic was informed of the detention of Alice O'Brian, and the facts she had communicated to his attorney Birley. He accordingly gave directions to his factor, and the learned person aforesaid, to levy a posse of the tenantry, and scour the country in search of the gipsies and the stolen child. In the interim, Patrick Ramsay posted to Edinburgh, to lay the confession of the nurse before the public prosecutor, and obtain his interference for the apprehension of the parties implicated; while the baronet

himself, conceiving that his presence might be required, departed for Glasgow.

It was in the grey gloaming of a Sunday evening, when he reached the arched barrier of Saint Mungo's solitary bridge, which was closed, as well on account of its being the sabbath, as to prevent the entrance into the city of any of those stragglers, disorderlies of the Gorbals or otherwise, whom the disorganization of the times sent abroad after night-fall. The iron clapper of the cathedral bell, mimicked by its contemporary of the Tolbooth, struck the hour of seven; and although the night was young, yet divine service being over, the country people returned home, and few persons moving from street to street, but such as were of the lowest description of denizens, the only regular sabbath-breakers of those days, the authorities had made a rule that no one should have ingress or egress to or from the city, at the bridge, or at the different ports, but such as could satisfactorily account for themselves.

The Baronet desired his servant to knock at the gate, and provoke the Cerberus who guarded it from his den, a small dorture on one side of the gateway. Hobbes Jenkinson, no gentle tapper in his gentlest mood, laid the heavy steel hilt of his falchion so pithily against the rivets

of the barricade, as made the narrow mouldering arches of the bridge shake to their foundation, and brought forth the warden in a state of trepidation, as if it had been Dalzel and his troopers come to sack the shrines of Saint Mungo. After he had somewhat recovered himself, and had time to lay down the bible, which in the confusion he had brought out in his hand instead of the key, and after he had surveyed the intruders through the wicker, and found that the noise had proceeded from two persons only, he considered his official dignity to be insulted, and in consequence rather churlishly demanded, "Wha may ye be wha daud sae rampantly on the Lord's day, an' at sic untimous hours?"

"Unbolt the barricade, fellow!" bawled Hobbes, in a voice of thunder.

"Fallow! Better lang'age, Englisher, gif ye like! It's may be necessar you sud ken that guid manners picks nae quarrels; an' that unless ye keep a caumer tongue in your head, the de'il a ae fit, Gude forgive me for swearing! sal ye pass the brig o' Glasgae till the morning."

"Murrain on thee! Unlock instantly, or I'll——"

"Ay! What wad ye just dae?" interrupted the guardian of the arches, grinning sarcastically through the wiry aperture; "what wad ye dae,

my man, I wad like to ken, though the bolt were na drawn till daylight or sunrise? Keep, aye, a mannerfu' tongue for your betters, my lad, an' tell me your name, an' whaur ye're gaun, an' whaur ye come frae, an' what may be your business in Glasgae; an' aiblins gin ye tell a reasonable story, wi' as few lees in't as possible, ye sall be allooed to pass the brig for ance, but nae itherwise mind, or ma' name's no Ninian Yukeshoodder."

Sir Ludowic put an end to the conference, by informing the warden in a calm tone, that he was an officer in his Majesty's service. Ninian asked no more. The word *officer* made the ghosts of the dead Pentland whigs dance before his eyes. The barricade flew open with the speed of lightning; and our hero once more found himself in the midst of the Western capital, and in the yard of the then well-known Black Bull Inn, in the Spoutmouth of the Gallowgate.

The night was dark, and neither lamp nor link-boy illumined the deserted streets; but the lusty voice of Hobbes soon aroused the drowsy attendants of the hostelry, who at once guessed their guest to be of more than ordinary rank from the imperious tone of his servant. As Sir Ludowic walked up the few whitened steps which graced the entrance of the inn, amid the

lights of the domestics, and the salaams of mine host, he felt something tug the skirt of his riding-cloak, and presently a voice behind uttered a hideous shriek, accompanied by the words, "But I'll e'en see his honour, and speak wi' him tae, Jock Rublegs."

"D—n that haveril idowat!" shouted another; "this is the third time I've kicked him out o' the yard the day, an' he'll no stay awa' for't a'."

Kennedy turned round, and saw a rough hairy-capped lout, whom he afterwards learned was first ostler of the Black Bull, cuffing unmercifully at a ragged creature, sprawling on the stones, and screeching in a most terrific manner.

"Who—what is this?" enquired the officer, pointing to the creature on the ground.

"He's a puir natural, Sir," answered the landlord, "frae the upperward, that's been haunting the yard here thir twa or three days, and speiring for ane Sir Maister o' Kennedy; but the thing's crazed."

"An' is he to be kicked i' the laggan because he is crazed?" exclaimed a female, stepping forward to the light, and displaying to Sir Ludovic the face, form, and habiliments of the old woman, in whose house he had quartered at Laneric before the battle.

“ Mither ! mither ! ” screamed the idiot, springing from before the clogs of Rublegs, and catching the female by the clothes, “ this is the gentle—this is Sir Maister o’ Kennedy, mither.”

The officer gazed upon this extraordinary scene with no inconsiderable surprise. The female was dressed in the homespun striped plaiden attire of her rank and the times. A gray hood covered her head, and fell down in capacious lappets, so as to cover her neck and shoulders, and partly conceal her small, sallow, wrinkled face, which marked her to be far advanced in years. The “ callant,” or boy, however, (if such he could be called, with twenty-two or twenty-three summers on his head,) was a remarkable contrast to the old woman. There was something singularly clean in her appearance ; he was the very extreme of rags and filth. He was bare-headed, bare-legged, and bare-footed. The ruins of what had once been a scarlet-coloured doublet, patched and dârnèd in various places, and that with a mēdley of shreds and colours, and fastened before with pieces of untwisted hemp, surmounted a grey tartan philibeg, which barely descended to his knees. These constituted his whole apparel and protection from the weather, save and except the covering which nature had given him in the shape of long

sandy hair, which reached from his crown to the middle of his doublet behind, and, in the disordered state in which he was, from the inflictions of the ostler, served to obscure features which betrayed all the lines and looks of obdurate and confirmed lunacy.

Auld Nelly Goudie, and her son Daft Davie, were as well known to the High Court of Justiciary, and the inhabitants of Laneric, as a criminal indictment in the name of our Sovereign Lord the King, and public notoriety, could make them. Nelly was a native of the village, and had all her lifetime occupied the little cottage and garden which her parents had bequeathed her. She earned her subsistence partly by knitting, partly by the distaff, and partly by the produce of the fruits of her garden. She was one of the learned heroines of the olden time, who preferred society to solitude, upon the principle of the Latin adage, *nunquam minus solus, quam cum solus*, and she accordingly shunned the solitude of neighbours, seldom permitting even a child to pass the threshold of her outer apartment. Her peculiar manners, and antipathy to the familiar intercourse of the village; and the fact, that in Nelly's garden the apple-trees bloomed, and the cherries and currant-berries ripened sooner than in any one's

else; and that her green gages were greener and sweeter than other people's; and that her best plumbs were well known to have double kernels; in addition to which, her reputed skill in herbs, and her chimney having been often seen reeking at hours when every other fire in the town was either out or nearly so, had served to raise a rumour that the good woman had "dealings" of a dubious and questionable kind.

At an early period of her life, therefore, Nelly Goudie was, by the majority of decent and religious persons in the burgh of Laneric, considered to be what was termed "na cannie." She rarely went to the kirk; and when she did go, it was observed, that she invariably departed before the pronouncing of the blessing. It was said too, that she had more than once bolted her door upon the approach of the minister, the famous Maister Peden, in the ordinary course of his visitation; and what was worse still, though she had often been seen in her sweet-briar and honey-suckle summer-seat in the garden to pore over an old-fashioned book, which for aught people knew to the contrary might have been the Bible, the difficulty was, that admitting it to have been the Bible, no one could ever say, upon their own personal knowledge, whether or no the Lord's Prayer was not torn out, or whe-

ther what she seemed to read she did not read backwards. Time, however, ripened into certainty, what had at first been merely founded in conjecture, and fortified by the constructive evidence we have mentioned; for by some extraordinary conjunction of the planets, Nelly Goudie, in the forty-fifth year of her celibacy, gave birth to a male infant, the present and identical Davie the idiot.

The upper district of Lanarkshire was in an absolute uproar, when this event became known. The kirk-session had fourteen meetings on the subject; the provost and town-council were convened thrice upon it by tuck of drum; and, for a year and a day, nothing else was talked of at tryst, fair, feast, wedding, funeral, kirk, curling-match, or preachings, but auld Nelly Goudie and her *gett*, which many a one did not hesitate to hint had for a father a certain dark-looking imperial personage, whom it did not become any sober presbyterian to name. In short, this satanic rumour was not a little confirmed by the prevailing belief that Nelly was at least sixty odd years of age. This last fact depended on the accuracy of an old portioner in his eightieth year, who deponed before the session that he had known Lucky Goudie for the greater part of his days, and that he did not

remember the time when she looked a whit younger or less *witch-like* than she did at present.

After a profound investigation, and the cognosing of innumerable witnesses by the kirk-session and the procurator-fiscal for the county; and after Nelly had peremptorily refused to state who was the father of the child, she was given over to the prosecutor for the crown at Edinburgh as a person *malæ famæ*, and one of whom it became the justice of the kingdom to make a public example. The delinquent was consequently indicted. On the day of her trial a vast number of persons swore to the facts we have briefly stated, and which, in those days, were deemed sufficient to convict any one of the heinous crime of witchcraft. The *corpus delicti* seemed to depend principally upon the establishing of the fact that Nelly was at least twenty years older than she really was. But in this the prosecutor failed; chiefly from the Laird of Quilkhoam deponing to the harmless nature of the prisoner, and stating various facts which went to prove that she was scarcely of sound mind, and that her parents had been sensible of this defect, by the careful and secluded manner in which they had brought her up. This testimony saved Nelly from the

stake; for the jury, with the caution of all good jurymen, especially within the realm of Scotland, returned a verdict of *Not Proven*, the tendency of which was to acquit the prisoner, but leaving the question of guilt or innocence in some degree undetermined. The day on which Nelly was acquitted, however, was one of immeasurable grief in the village, the inhabitants of which had always been celebrated for their profound respect for the due administration of justice. Doubts as to the fairness of the verdict were first whispered in the learned circles of Edinburgh, and Harry Henburn was heard to whisper his brother Cut-him-up, on the termination of the trial, that the charge of the learned Lord Justice Clerk (for it was he, we believe) was directly in the teeth of evidence. It was even said that his *leaning* to the evidence of Quilkhoam in opposition to that of so many reputable witnesses on the other side, was openly censured at the English court, and upon his removal from the bench shortly afterwards, it was pretty generally believed that his "retirement" was by express command of his majesty, who entertained a settled abhorrence against all persons guilty of or accessory to such practices.

But whether the learned lord's fall was owing

to this unfortunate bias to the side of mercy or not, certain it is that the honest and intelligent burghers and portioners of Laneric retained but *one* opinion of his conduct; and they in consequence availed themselves of a convenient opportunity, and having *vi et armis* conveyed auld Nelly to a contiguous linn in the Clyde, they then and there, without grace or prayer, administered to her as commendable a ducking, three several times over head and ears, as any person could well deserve. It was remarked at the time, however, that the sole of Nelly's foot had not been wetted, notwithstanding their laudable exertions, a plain demonstration that the invisible and infernal influences of Satan had not been thoroughly eradicated. The facetious Deacon Peerie, to whose manuscript notes of these occurrences we are so much indebted, observes, "that the auld witch showed a wonderfu' stretch o' discernment an' love o' justice on this trying occasion; for in her struggles to get out o' the linn she claught the leg o' Willie Lettergae the kirk-eller, wha had ta'en ane active part against her, and gied the worthy upright man ane awsom o'erhead plunge in the water beside hersel', whilk not only raised the laugh against him by the profane, but brought on ane attack o' lumbago an' sciatica whilk

troubled him until his death." Be this as it may, (for in candour we must say we think Peerie rather personal in his remarks,) the linn is called "Goudie's linn" to this day; and there is not a boy, or shepherd, or writer's apprentice in the neighbourhood, who cannot testify that they would as soon toss their lines, rods, bait and all, over the highest of the falls, as throw any of them into the pool where "daft Davie's mither was dookit;" for if they should be so foolish as attempt to seek for fish there, they are sure to meet with nothing but "hard-geds,"—"stripped huiks,"—"snapped lines,"—and "deevil a ae troot" for their pains.

This was the female, attended by her son, who sought an interview with Sir Ludowic under such peculiar circumstances.

"Well, good woman, what is thy business with me," began the officer, when he reached the parlour.

Nelly shut the door—stared pryingly round the apartment—and, coming close up to the officer, softly whispered—"The twae men are in the Gledsyoup, in the Dirledinnon wud, Maister o' Kennedy."

"The two men!" muttered the baronet, his mind reverting with eager and intense interest to the affair at Laneric,

“ Ay. Davie scaired them in the Dirledinon on the neist morning; an’ ane o’ them is like to mak it his mools, gif the callant’s een’s to be believed.”

“ Do you mean the men who fired upon the cottage?”

“ The samen, Maister o’ Kennedy,” responded the female.

“ And are you sure they still secrete themselves as you say?”

“ They were in the Gledsyoup the nicht afore yestreen—didna ye see them, Davie?” answered Nelly, and appealing for the truth of her story to the ocular evidence of her son. To her appeal the “natural” grinned a hysteric laugh, and muttered an inarticulate reply seemingly in the affirmative.

“ And wounded didst thou say?”

“ Ay, ane is, wham Howdie Lettergae says is a deeing man; but its may be the auld harri-gal’s faut, for she’s as leetle skeeled in yirbs as our Davie.”

Even in the midst of Nelly’s anxiety to impart such information as might lead to the detection of the aggressors on her cottage, she could not refrain from indulging in a passing censure on the qualifications of the howdie in the noble and learned sciences of pharmacology,

phytology, chirurgery, and *l'art d'accoucher*, of which, nevertheless, popular fame spoke praisingly. But it is to be recollected that this learned sister of the faculty was the relict of Lettergae the kirk-elder, who had been gathered to his fathers some years before, and whose death, it was said, had been considerably accelerated by Nelly's revenge upon him at the linn.

The baronet, after pausing upon what course it would be wisest for him to pursue, at length resolved to visit Laneric next day, and by aid of the authorities endeavour to trace the persons alluded to. He gave the woman some money, desired her to return home early on the morrow, and intimated the time when he would require her assistance.

Next morning at day-break, Multiple Duplies was seen pacing with the slow lingering motion of a hearse, along the Salt-market—his hands behind his back, his head cressed down upon his soiled and disordered cravat, and his sinister optic fixed upon his shoe-buckle, which dangled loosely in the hasty dishabille of the morning. The other eye met the rays of heaven at an opposite angle, as if surveying the smoke issuing from the chimneys on the other side of the street. But why do we linger on appearances? The attorney neither saw, nor

heard, nor cared what passed around, above, or beneath him. He was immersed in thought—deep in the replications and perplexities of a case, and devising escapes from labyrinths of dark and bewildering intricacy, which required both wile and effrontery to overcome. It was remarked by some of his numerous clients, who recognised him as they passed to their workshops, that they had never seen “Mooty” in so abstracted and even dejected a mood. Some of the more benevolent were of opinion that the “vrter” had been attending kirk ordinances on the preceding day, and that the melting admonitions of the precious Maister Daud-the-stoor had awakened his mind to conversion and a right sense of grace; while others of a more slanderous complexion opined, that from the way in which the worthy lawyer hung his head, he was deboshed with liquor, and although on his way homewards had, as was natural for a man in such circumstances, mistaken the head for the foot of the Salt-market; and there were even some of a wickeder sort who did not stickle to allege that the “auld doomster was only dozing on mischief, and scheming the ruin and out-rouping o’ puir folk.”

It appeared that Sir Ludowic had not arrived in the city above an hour, when his visit was

announced to Duplies by his confidential. The intelligence threw a black cloud of apprehension over the dingy countenance of the attorney, as if it had been delivered by a herald of Pandemonium. He had that morning been informed that the refugee himself was no where to be found. Ignorant of the nature of the accusation upon which the warrant had been issued, Duplies dreaded that some of the secrets respecting the bonds had transpired, and consequently that his character and conduct would be exposed to hazard. His first step, therefore, was to confer with his confidential, as to what course it would be best for him to pursue under the circumstances.

“What’s to be done, Wattie,” began the attorney to his head clerk; “what’s to be done gif that refugee malignant hath ta’ent in the head o’ him to let the cat out o’ the pock; confoond him, does he no fear his ain thrapple? But I canna jaloose what end he could drive by sic wark. Faither Venzani at Lunnon maun be wrote to instanter, Wattie.”

“Faith, sir, ye had better slip the deeds out o’ the gait first,” responded Moderwill.

“Ecod, Wattie! and ye’re richt; we maun tak tent that they dinna fa’ intil the hands o’ Harry Henburn or the laddie Ramsay, for nae

doot they wad mak a deevil o' a clamjamphray, an' may be a justishiary job o't, gif they could but lay their illfaured neeves on the mortgages."

"I opine they could be snooved cannily awa' in ane or ither o' Nancy Kimming's blind garret lums—the're just o'er my ain room. They'd be safe enough there, and at hand, like, gin they came to be needed."

"A marvellous good thought, Wattie. The Drygate's an out o' the way sort o' a place, and so let's get them flitted without delay. But, Wattie, my lad, ye maun haud a deil's grip o' them, till they're safe in the garret—they're valuable deeds, Wattie—and hae an ee that nae ane sees you, Wattie; for—but e faith it will be necessar to depone to the transfer, like, Wattie; that's to say, as to the custodier o' the deeds—it maun be held that they were returned to the client Lesley—every scrap o' them, Wattie; and sic it will fa' to you or me to mak affidavit to Maister Moderwill ye ken."

"Fear nae me, sir; I'll see the papers a' safe intil the lums, though Harry Henburn an' auld Harry himsel were keeking o'er my shoodder."

When the lawyer had despatched the documents to their hiding-place, he determined on waiting on Sir Ludowic next morning, for the purpose of endeavouring to ascertain the nature

of the charge against Lesley, and, if necessary, boldly meeting any imputations that might arise therefrom against himself.

It was for this purpose he was so early a-stir, as we have described. He obtained an interview with the baronet, stated his errand, and pressed his suit in the most earnest and obsequious manner. But the officer was not to be taken by ambuscade. He saw the object of the writer, and the eager disposition he manifested to make his client or clients the scape-goats of his own conduct. He accordingly dismissed him without affording him any satisfaction.

Duplies departed a thousand times more perplexed than before as to the nature of the warrant, and at finding all his artifice and effrontery defeated; while the baronet proceeded upon his journey as he had resolved.

CHAPTER II.

But the place
Was holy. The dead air, that underneath
Those arches never felt the healthy sun,
Nor the free motion of the elements,
Chilly and damp, infused associate awe.

The Laureat.

THE factor of Mount Kennedy, under the judicial directions of Peter Birley, with a strong detachment of the tenantry and *posse comitatus* of Cairnrymple, had for several days been maintaining a sort of guerrilla warfare against all the caves, glens, woods, mosses, muirs, otter-holes, fox-earths, badger-dens, and gled*-cliffs, not from any right of *actione injuriarum* which they had against the natural inhabitants of these places, but for the purpose of ferreting out and lawfully apprehending the Egyptians. They had at length, after a tedious and fatiguing search, overtaken them, in full march, in a cross way, in the parish of Crawford-John, one of the wildest

* A gled is a *gled*; we can't tell any more about it.

in the waste and mountainous districts of the county of Lanark. The vagrants, when they beheld a number of persons approaching them in so retired a place, at once concluded that they came with no friendly intention, for a fight or brulzie with the peasantry or villagers was a frequent occurrence, and they accordingly drew up in the order of battle, by sending their women, children, horses, donkeys, and paniers, forward, while they waited, on a rising ground, armed with stones and bludgeons, the assault of the enemy.

The Cairnrymple alliance, however, was too strong for the gipsies, who, after a short resistance, craved an armistice. The stolen child was, in the first instance, demanded by the assailants. After a good deal of parley and equivocation on the part of the vagrants, in which the possession of the infant was partly denied and admitted, it was at last agreed that the swarm of urchins should be mustered and reviewed. But when this was accomplished, amid the barking of the collies and terriers, the scolding of the women, and the screams of the brats themselves, the latter were found to be so much alike ragged, dirty, noisy, and mischievous, that it was impossible, from the description furnished by the nurse, to determine whether the little girl pointed out, as having been "found by the road-side,"

was in reality the one they sought. It is true that a slight accent of the vernacular of Alice O'Brian was discernible in the dialect of the child, (who appeared to be about six years of age,) yet whether from being threatened by the person who had charge of it, or from its own innate diffidence, it could not be persuaded to answer distinctly the enquiries that were made. In this dilemma the justice's warrant was put in force, and the whole band, young and old, horses, dogs, donkeys, and baggage, were marched into the town of Laneric, while a party was despatched to Cairnrymple to bring the nurse to identify her lost charge.

The venerable burgh of Laneric and its authorities were nearly driven to distraction by the events which were now daily occurring, and calling for the interference of their judicial functions. The captive itinerants were, of course, lodged in the Tolbooth, though not without serious alarm being entertained for the peace of the town; but the tumultuous and idle burghers, and their riotous sons and daughters, who had set up three loud cheers as the last of the shelties was led into the black-hole, were just beginning to disperse, and relieve the worthy provost from any further apprehensions of riot or rescue, when Sir Ludowic Kennedy rode hastily up to the

door of the town-hall, and requested an interview with the chief magistrate.

The old, embossed, birchen, elbow-chair of the council-chamber uttered a groan of commiseration at this fresh inroad on official tranquillity. What with the king's troops and the remnants of the persecuted,—what with Egyptians and witches, riots in the town, and forays in the country,—what with drunken brulzies in the burgh, and deadly dissensions in the council,—the honest provost had a redundancy of employment. But, though goaded and worried on all hands, his worship was resolved to stick by the helm to the last,—and he, consequently, did not allow the officer to remain longer in suspense than was necessary to adjust his brown scratch perriwig, wipe the perspiration from his brow, which stood in large amber beads, as if typical of the arduous duties which such high and responsible stations in society confer on merit and ambition, and moreover, in some degree, allay the flurry and palpitation, which a fresh message and a titled messenger, a Pentland hero no less, laurelled, perhaps, and insolent, could not fail to produce in one so overwhelmed in the turmoils of office.

After some explanation, and in consideration that a military force would excite alarm, the

provost consented that half-a-dozen of the constabulary should accompany the officer in his attempt to secure the individuals he complained of.

It was early in the afternoon when the party, separately, sallied forth from the village, that so the inhabitants might not obtain a trace of their enterprise. Jenkinson apprised Nelly Goudie, and she, accompanied by her son, the "natural," were seen to glide forth by a back and retired avenue of the town to the place of rendezvous. The flaky waning rays of the wintry sun, (for it was now November,) although but an hour or little more past noon, looked cold and silvery, as if weeping over the demise of autumn; but still they served to brighten the dying tinge of the beech-leaves, as they rustled in the wind, and dropped from the callous bud, which they had shaded and adorned during the summer. The holly, gay in her clusters of coral-berries, took, as it were, her last look of his beams, with that smirking coquettish air, which arose from the consciousness that *her* beauty was proof against the hoar-frosts, and looked the blither and lovelier as December darkened, and the neighbouring trees and shrubs became more bare and desolate. The honeysuckle clung cold and torpid to the mourning mountain-ash and the shaggy sense-

less fir, and the black gnarly oak, each seemed prepared to meet the forthcoming storms, the former cap-a-pied like a Laplander in the spoils of former seasons, and the latter like a gallant ship throwing the superfluous canvass aside, and with bare poles saying to the tempest, "Winds do your worst."

Dirledinnon wood to this day exhibits ample remains of former grandeur; but, in the "merry days," it was of several miles in length and breadth, and was the refuge of outlaws, grey and nearly forgotten from the growth of new generations; and of predatory rogues and vagrants of every description under heaven; who, in the noontide of summer, when there were no orchards to rob, nor a sufficiency of darkness to permit a drove of sheep or black cattle to be driven from the hills to the Grass-market of Edinburgh or the Brig-end of Glasgow before morning, lived in a sort of rural Elysium upon the booty of the long nights. In short, this extensive dingle was a harbour for all kinds of delinquents, who, from innate propensity or necessity, played at check-mate and hap-hazard with the gallows. It was a cover in which the tallyho of the court-harriers,—the huntsmen, runners, and earth-stoppers of the law, was never heard; for the very fact that a noted orchard-breaker or sheep-stealer was last seen in

its environs, made the warrant drop from the messenger's hands, and his apprehension hopeless. A hog-stealer, or fugitive dyvour, was conceived to be as secure within the shades of Dirledinnon, as a common debtor within the sanctuary of Holyrood; and, consequently, none of the roads which wended through it were considered more than ordinarily safe even at mid-day. Honest simple passengers, with little in their pouches, were often obligated to disburse that little for the general or individual uses of these knights baronets of Dirledinnon, and drowthy lairds and farmers, who, in their marketings, had the misfortune to forget the sun's altitude in the declension of consecutive bickers, besides the lawin of the hostess, were often called to a reckoning on their way homewards,—and, unless the beasts they bestrode had more metal in their heels than the riders had brains in their heads, the one were generally obliged to change masters, and the other to crawl home in the best way their drunkenness would let them, or be content with a bed amongst the jaggy brushwood of the forest.

These unconstitutional levies upon the king's subjects, and the various homicides to which they had at different times led, had given the wood a disreputable name; and there was not an old wife or spinster within a circuit of ten Scotch

miles, who could not dilate upon the sights seen and the voices heard,—the fearful screams of kidnapped females at the dead of night,—of gleams of fire in the shape of skulls, and mangled limbs that flickered among the trees,—of people having been found elfshot on the roadside,—of ladies dying delirious, after having escaped the banditti unhurt,—of men, and women, and bairns, having strayed, and were never heard of afterwards, till their bleached bones were discovered at the foot of some unchancy hawthorn, or a dead light been seen to dance over the bottomless moss-well into which the wearied and daundered wight had been wiled by the water-kelpies,—and a thousand such stories which made the nerves shrink, and the clammy perspiration of the grave to start upon the blanched cheeks of the youngest and the boldest.

About this time, however, some of the local prejudices against the wood began to subside, from accidental circumstances. The dispersion of the covenanters, after the battle of Pentland, and the rigorous after-measures of Dalziel, induced several of those who were known to have been in arms, and for whose apprehension large rewards were offered, to seek shelter in its recesses. Some of the lairds of the vicinage, and one or two of the outlawed preachers, it was said,

concealed themselves for a considerable time, and were visited and furnished with sustenance by their friends resident in Laneric and its environs. Although the particular hut or brake in which they sheltered themselves was unknown; and although few had curiosity or daring enough to venture into its interior, yet the whisper soon flew, that the “wud” was now more chancy and useful after all; and, “that though it screened occasionally a puir tup-stealer frae the consequences o’ ane untimely loup frae a woody in the Lawn-market o’ Edinburgh, yet it could na be said to be so remeadless a place, since Providence had made it a chosen ‘city o’ refuge’ for his ain persecuted remnant.”

There was something extravagantly romantic in our hero, attended by so small a force, and led by a village idiot, attempting to explore the haunts of an extensive forest in search of persons who probably were innocent of the alleged offence, and although the actual perpetrators of it could not fail to escape punishment from the want of proof. But he was led to the adventure by an impulse which he felt to be irresistible. He had all along been impressed with a presentiment that the men who attacked him were not natives of the country, or instigated to the deed by either the fanaticism or the oppressions

of the times. He, so far from being conspicuous in promoting the measures of the English government, was scarcely known, even by name, to the presbyterians of Scotland, and had been by incidental circumstances alone pressed, as it were, into the ranks of the royal forces. He accordingly inferred that unless he had been mistaken for some other officer, obnoxious to the malecontents; or, unless the attack upon the cottage had been entirely accidental, a circumstance most improbable and incredible, the assailants were the hirelings of those whose repeated attempts upon his person he had eluded in the sister kingdom. The incident was so intermixed with all his affections, and brought such a train of conflicting and painful ideas to his mind, and was withal so apparently in unison with all the bygone excesses to which he had been witness, that he determined in tracing every scent by which he might have a chance of detecting the hidden and unrelenting enemies of his peace of mind.

After giving some directions in case of surprise, and taking the bearing of the sun and the clouds, a precaution necessary in entering such a place, the party left the main road, and followed the devious and narrow windings of the wood. From the information that Nelly had collected

from her son, the spot they sought was at a considerable distance; and they, in consequence, made their way as hastily as possible over the withered leaves, which lay so thick as to obscure the usual beaten tracks, which were easily followed in summer. Daft Davie sprang over the rank grass, and the withered fern, and the stunted heath, and the hard braky blae-berry bushes which everywhere abounded, with the lightness of a linnet; and pushed his way amid briars and brambles, the ruddy hips of which hung in luxurious beauty beside the green and fragrant dwarf birches, as if each step of the forest was familiar to him, and as if his convoy had been as insensible to jags and scratches as his own kilted shanks, long parched and tanned in the sunshine.

After divers turnings and meanderings in places where the daylight was almost wholly excluded, from the thickness of the branches and the yet unshaken foliage—in other places where the rank sedges and bulrushes, and the spongy nature of the soil, equally retarded and incommoded their progress—and in other places besides, where they not unfrequently descended some steep ravine by the river side, where their footing was only secured by a hold of the roots and branches of the shrubs that lined it—the dark creeping rill

singing among the pebbles at the bottom, over which it was safer to pass with a wet foot, than at the risk of a broken rib upon the round slippery stepping-stones which marked out the ordinary passage—after, we say, the party, still preceded by the “natural,” had crouched, and climbed, and bored along for upwards of an hour, they at last arrived at a spot where the trees were more than usually abundant, and which in front presented a hollow, overgrown with hazel, hawthorn, and black crab-tree, with here and there a leafless and blasted pine, starved and suffocated amid the profusion of rank brambles that beset every interstice, and amid which the hardy oak alone seemed to bear up uninjured. A few trees of this last sort acted as props to the inferior shrubs, and served to relieve the eye from the dull impervious barrier of redundant vegetation which the place presented.

Here their guide made a dead stand, and, pointing with his hand to the dingle before them, intimated in a few broken words that this was the Gledsyoup.

“A wild-goose chase, for a week’s pay,” muttered Hobbes Jenkinson, as he extracted the insidious pricks from his gaskins, and looked on the phalanx of hips and haws, sloes, filberts,

crab-apples, and bramble-berries, which guarded the approach to the ravine.

Nelly, upon conferring with the "natural," made a signal to speak in a low key, and accordingly the conversation sunk into a whisper.

After Davie had been interrogated by his mother, he persisted in saying that the dell before them was that where he had seen the men; but it was with great reluctance that he ventured so far as to point out the entrance to it, which was, on the exterior, a small gap or aperture among the bushes. What had tended to raise apprehension in the mind of the lunatic was the seeing the officer and his servant examine the priming of their pistols, as soon as the place had been announced, and the former draw his sword, as if preparing for some desperate attack. He shrunk back with instinctive terror at the sight of the weapons, trembled all over, and seemed desirous of making his escape.

After some delay and not a little persuasion, he consented to accompany his mother in the rear of the party; but no promise, entreaty, or threat, could induce him to lead the way. His abhorrence of fire-arms was such, that he could not reconcile the notion of safety with being in front of them; so that in their progress amongst

the coppice he lagged behind as far as possible, holding by the plaid of his mother.

As they proceeded, the passage, which at first would scarcely admit a single person, except in a stooping position, or on all-fours, as in the case of Hobbes Jenkinson, without admonitory twitches from the surrounding bushes, gradually widened, so that the party walked with ease. No word was exchanged by any one to disturb the sombre silence that reigned. The chirping of the birds above, and the rustling flight of the cushat, disturbed in her loneliness, were the only evidences that the place contained a living creature. They had now descended a considerable way, and found themselves in a deep ravine, the sides of which rose rugged and pendant far overhead, and above which the watery rays of the sun could be seen skimming the tops of the trees, which waved over all; when, in a shelfy recess on the one side, and several feet above the level of the place where he stood, the officer descried a wavy column of light blue smoke curling up among the dark branches of the trees. He turned round, and the terrified "natural" still clinging to the old woman's apparel, held up his hand as a signal that this, whence the smoke proceeded, was the cottage. Moving onwards a

few steps, a voice was heard, and the following words of a song or dirge, in a wild, tremulous, and feeble strain, caught the ear.

The Grey Seer sat in the morning mist,
On the steps of Saint Lochlin's shrine,
And he waved his hand to the moon in the West,
As she dipped in the ocean's brine.
Elioo! Elioo!

And down went the orb in the Western wave,
And all looked blank and drear ;
Save the tiny stars in the dark concave,
And the eyes of the old Grey Seer.
Elioo! Elioo!

For they flashed with the fire of a fresher morn,
When his heart and his hopes were young ;
Ere his cheek was blanched in the wintry storm,
Or his voice or his harp unstrung.
Elioo! Elioo!

But it was but the gleam of the moon's last ray
That kindled the minstrel's eye ;
Like the rosy blush of parting day
That brightens the evening sky.
Elioo! Elioo!

For a spirit there came from the sainted rock
On the wings of the dark gossameer ;
And long ere the morning dawn had broke,
A pale corse was the old Grey Seer.
Elioo! Elioo!

The song ceased, and the officer pushed towards the spot whence it proceeded, and descried a hut nearly surrounded, and except at one corner, completely obscured by a close and

apparently impenetrable barrier of brushwood. But no one was to be seen; and he accordingly entered the hut, followed by his attendants.

It was a wooden building of about seven feet in height, and about twelve square, and covered with turf and broom. In the middle of the floor was a fire of slender twigs, burning merrily under a small pan suspended from a knotch in the rafters. The smoke was vented by a hole in the roof; and what with the draught of the door, and the lightness of the fuel, the place was freer of the acrid gases of the greenwood than could have been expected, and had more an air of warmth and comfort about it, than its rugged exterior foreboded. The light which entered by the door was increased by what descended by the chimney, if such the opening in the roof might be termed; but instead of its being the natural hue of the sun's rays, it was converted into a florid artificial glare by the brighter blaze of the fire.

By means of this mixed light a man was seen at the further side of the hut to recline upon a pallet of dried grass and heath, and partly covered with a dun blue-bordered blanket, seemingly in a sickly if not dying state. He was the only inmate of the hut, and scarcely betrayed a symptom of alarm as the strangers entered; but

calmly asked the nature and purport of their visit.

Sir Ludowic replied, that he had a warrant to apprehend all persons found lurking in the forest who were unable to account for their inhabiting so suspicious a place.

“And upon what specified offence against the laws?” enquired the other.

“I can furnish you with no other information at present,” replied the officer; “but may I be permitted to enquire your name and profession?” he further asked.

“Eustace Butler, of Lincoln’s Inn, London, student at law,” answered the prisoner; “and if it please you,” he continued, “to put your hand in a chink above the lintel, you’ll there find a certificate which will speak more directly to my right of protection from a military officer.”

From a fissure above the door was extracted a mahogany case, of a few inches in length, which contained a certificate written on parchment, bearing the seal and purporting to be signed by his Majesty’s Secretary, the Lord Lauderdale, in which was set forth the name and profession of the bearer, as before stated, and enjoining all lieutenants, magistrates, sheriffs of counties and hundreds, and all officers civil, military, or otherwise, holding true allegi-

ance to the King, to give the bearer free licence to all parts of the king's dominions, without hurt or molestation, on his conforming to the laws and usages of the place as applicable to free citizens, burgesses, or otherwise, where he may choose to reside *pro tempore*.

After Sir Ludowic had perused the certificate, he once more intimated that he still deemed it his duty to remove him to a more convenient place, to enquire into the genuineness of the licence, and the nature of his avocations.

To this the man made all the remonstrance possible : urged his innocence of any crime or misdemeanour against the state or otherwise ; and his debilitated and dying condition. But the officer was resolute. A rough board, which formed part of the furniture of the hovel, was prepared to place him on, in order to carry him to the village, when a hideous scream on the outside arrested the movements of the party.

This had proceeded from the "natural," on perceiving a man descend from a crag, on the opposite side of the ravine, and make towards the hut. This individual, not perceiving the party, who had intruded upon the seclusion of the dell, was returning to his invalid companion ; and although *he* would have felt no alarm at the visit of the idiot, whom he had several times seen

before, yet Davie considered that he now stood in a different relation to him, especially as he had “haried” the rest as he deemed, and was of course liable to the consequences. His shriek fortunately brought the party to the door, who seized upon the stranger before he was aware; and happily for them they did so, for he was well armed, and obviously of a disposition unapt to surrender his freedom without a struggle.

After searching the hut for papers, of which a small packet was found in a hole among the rafters, the invalid was placed upon the board, and borne off by the assistants; a trying and harassing duty, as well from the closeness of the thicket, and the unevenness of the paths, as from the condition of the prisoner, and the small number of the party.

If the one required a litter, however, the other did not. He quietly enough submitted to be searched; but it required some application of force to pinion his arms behind his back, a requisite precaution against his making his escape. When interrogated as to his name and occupation, he replied, in a strong Hibernian accent, “Your honour will may-be be after knowing dat soon enough, fait;” and when desired to deliver up all his papers, he exclaimed, “Papers! did you say? By Saint Loi, if it be papers ye’re

wanting, you've come to de wrong cabin, shure enough ; for, it nare was my father's own son dat was ever much blamed for reading or writing either, yer honour."

After a tiresome march among the bushes, nearly in the same route as before, and piloted as on their entry, they arrived at the borders of the wood. They anon reached the gaol of Lan-eric, into which they placed the one prisoner, while the officer ordered the other to be brought to the hostelry, and a secure guard placed over him till the next morning, giving orders that every attention, consistent with his safety, should be paid to his comforts.

CHAPTER III.

“Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves! and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?”

Much Ado about Nothing.

THERE were two or three persons in the good burgh of Laneric that night, beside our hero, who had but a feverish repose, and who like the royal and afflicted psalmist, were long before the dawn, exclaiming, “Would it were morning!” None of the least fretful was Peter Birley, who having the entire responsibility of the arrest of the vagrants upon his own shoulders, was most anxious for the coming morn, as well that he might have the benefit of Alice O'Brian's evidence to substantiate the charge of child-stealing before the magistrate, as that he might have the felicity of riding to Glasgow, and like an active and pains-taking attorney, communicating the extraordinary success of his exertions to his excellent client the young baronet; for be it remembered, that the lateness of the hour, at

which the latter had entered the village with his prisoners, and the privacy with which their arrest had been completed, had prevented the arrival of Sir Ludowic from becoming known to Birley and his party.

Another person interested in the approach of day was Eustace Butler, of Lincoln's Inn, student at law. *He* conceived that it would be vastly to his advantage to be speedily examined, especially before witnesses could be brought from a distance, or might accidentally appear, to speak to his *real* character.

The next person on whom the solicitude of the night preyed was Maister Winifred Caveat, fiscal and town treasurer of the burgh,—not that we wish it to be believed that the five hours' reading which he had devoted to "Mackittlaw's Institutes," a work of standard repute in criminal law in those days, proceeded from any deficiency which the worthy fiscal was chargeable with, as a criminal lawyer, but merely from his over-anxious desire to administer justice according to the best practice of Scotland in such cases.

We might state, likewise, that Curly Glunch, the king of the gipsies, and his queen, and her two maids of honour, had also a stormy and bickerish night of it; not that Curly cared one

straw for the charge of child-stealing, to which he had made up his mind to plead *not guilty*, and which, if necessary, he could rebut by the oaths of his whole band and household, and if these should be considered irrelevant or unsatisfactory, he had no more to do than produce his four and twenty sons and daughters, as living proofs that *he* could have no inducement to kidnap, far less burden himself with the brats of others. The king, however, thought that his concerns could not flourish within the walls of a Tolbooth, nor his dogs, shelties, and donkeys, be maintained, except at some one's expense, who he deemed was most likely to be himself; a mode of aliment, by the way, which he knew was much more inconvenient than allowing them to forage in the vicinity of some honest covenanters' barn-yard. He was, of course, desirous of obtaining his freedom.

As for his princesses,—wives, according to the Scottice canon-law of the Egyptians,—they felt peevish and melancholious, not so much from being pent up in durance, nor so much on account of being separated from Curly, whom, as for that matter, and provided they could live like Solomon's lilies, they would not have cared to see hanged, but their present dolorance arose from the trio being incarcerated in *one* room by

themselves, where each raked up more bitterly than another the seniority or priority of her claim to the attentions of the king, so much so, that a riot similar to that of the authors in *Gil Blas* had raged without intermission since the first moment of their imprisonment. Not having, therefore, the benefit of Curly's interference to bring about an armistice, which he was in the habit of doing in a summary way, and oftentimes with more troublesome attendances than any of the belligerents received from the war itself, they also poor, luckless damosels, joined their sweet voices in praying for a speedy deliverance.

But the united sorrows of these several persons ought not, in any degree, to be compared with the inward perplexities of Provost Girdle-bowl. Besides a keenly-contested and nicely-equiposed law-plea before the "Fyfteen" at Edinburgh, between the incorporation of hammermen on the one part, and the Laird of Muckbyres on the other, in which, from the many cross complaints and rejoinders, allegations and disclaimers, admissions and sets-off, it was difficult to say who was pursuer or who defender,—besides this eight-year-old plea, we say, which required unceasing attention to keep in a fair state of equilibrium, was a long-standing contest with the common burghers or portioners of the

burgh, who, upon the alleged authority of an act of the Scottish parliament in the first of the Jameses, claimed a scot and lot voice in the election of magistrates. They did not, it is true, claim the actual nomination of the provost and bailies; but, by a sort of side wind and ingenious legal quirk, which it was said Boozum, of Muckbyres, instigated by a poor and, of course, disaffected baron in the vicinage, had planned for them, they secretly aimed at that object. Against these vile attempts at innovation Girdlebowl had set his face. He had, during the last seven years of his provostry, withstood all the onsets of the burgesses, like a rock in a mountain torrent, against which all the floods rush in vain,—or, to borrow a metaphor from his own smithy, like a well-welded and tempered anvil, on which neither hammer nor horse-shoe could make any impression.

These contentions, nevertheless, had often shaken the burgh to its centre; and had Girdlebowl not been a person of iron nerve, and one who had the fear of the kirk and the covenant before his eyes, he would long before have been necessitated to yield to the clamorous burgesses. The overwhelming effects of such a profusion of official duty pressed upon his heart like the nightmare as he slept; so that too often, indeed,

were his slumbers disturbed with dreams of treason, reiving, and brulziement, and too often also by the awakening horrors of Ritchie Fireflaught's drum, which, as it frequently bumped upon his ear in the drowsy time of the morning, he dreaded more than the ten plagues of Egypt.

We have now brought the state of affairs in the burgh of Laneric *forward*, as learned accountant would say, to the grey dawn of the morning after the imprisonment of the vagrants; but as various ominous rumours were afloat during the preceding evening, it will be requisite that the reader be permitted to gather their import from the conversation of some of the parties.

When the first glimmering rays of the morning had chased away the grosser darkness, and made the main-street of the village, and the smoke of a few dozen chimneys perceptible through the fog, a ring of females was seen assembled in front of the Tolbooth, and at a short distance from the hostelry where Sir Ludowic lodged.

"It's maybe na richt in me to say what I heard my ain guidman say to Jock Liggitt, the bedtherel," said one of the junta, tying meanwhile under her chin the blackened strings of a greasy flannel night-coif, in which her head was

enveloped,—“but, gif a’ stories be true, there’s mair in putting the randy tinklers in the To’booth than some thinks !” This observation was concluded with a toss of the head, a shake of the fore-finger of the left hand, while the right was thrust into a dirty leathern pocket which was suspended before.

“Atweel, there’s nae misdoubting what ye say, Janet,” spoke another, “for I saw wi’ my ain een a puir man carriet in on a straughting-board to the Cross-Keys there, wha they say’s ane o’ the outlaw’t ministers.”

“Deevil ootlaw them !” said a younger female, remarkably tall, slatternly, and as loud as she was tall. “Deevil ootlaw them !—I’m tel’t that twae men, wi’ drawn swords, stand ower the unweel man, wha maks a sad moaning, but they comfort him wi’ naething but the sicht o’ their bluidy swords, and by telling him he need na grain for he’ llsoon be in hell ; Gude forgie me for naming sic a place.”

“Ay, my kimmers,” struck in the second speaker ; “an’ meikle mair than a’ that, for Glauf Gourley the jailor’s key turned on a weel-faured man in a grey coat and blue bannet, wha noo lies in the stane room,—he was ta’en in the Dirledinnon wud they say.”

“Joost like that auld sniveling gospel-hating

persecutor, Provost Girdlebowl, for a' his pretence; for see hoo that thieving rampagant blackyird, Curly Glunch, keeks through the stanchers o' the debtors'-room, while God's saunts get naething but the ern and whin wa's o' the stane-room to comfort them; but we'll see wha's to haud the girths at the neist yellection, an' gif the trades are na to hae the richt o' choosing ane mair conformable to the word o' God."

"I dinna won'er at sic doings," interposed the first speaker, "for Nelly Goudy was seen to come in by the cow-loan yestreen in the gloaming, an' our wee Meg, whase een's mair gleg than mine, said that the auld witch's feet never touched the ground as she gaed past, an' her sin the idowat cam sune after. Ye may guess they had some glammoury paction in hand whan they were baith asteer at siccan ane oor; for I mind the nicht afore the battle o' Pentland, ane awesome noise like firing o' guns or cannon was heard in the airt o' her house, whilk mony a ane beside me heard, an' although mair een than mine luiked doon the loan that nicht, nae leeving soul was seen near Nelly Goudie's; but, Gude preserve me! it gars me a' grue to think on what I saw."

"But, kimmers," enquired another, "did ye hear what Curly's *in* for? They say he's been

stealing a lord's bairn, an' that it's like to gang hard wi' him afore the justishiary."

"Nae fear o' Curly, fegs!" answered some one, "the like o' him aye fin' some way or ither to cheat the gallows, whan their betters' heads are stuck up on the spikes o' the To'booth for their faithfu' testimony. Gude help us! whan will the times mend?"

The conversation was interrupted by a loud huzza proceeding from the jail, and a cry of "murder!" as if some person struggled for life or liberty. The women turned their eyes towards the Tolbooth, the iron-clamped door of which was presently dashed open with a reel that made the rusty pivot hinges on which it turned to start from their sockets, and forth issued Curly Glunch followed by his whole band, male and female, women and "weans," laden with pots and pans, luggies and laddles, horn spoons and pewtery of all sorts, like the absconding Israelites from the land of Egypt. Had they been content with such baggage as they could have borne on their backs, their escape, in all probability, would have been complete; but they proceeded to break open the door of the vault in which their quadrupeds and panniers were confined, and which, with the aid of a couple of forge-hammers, they accomplished with ease. But the

task was not unattended with noise; for the blows of the hammers rang through the village like thunder, making the sleepy officials jump from the dusty flock-beds on which they snored; added to which Glaud Gourlay, the jailor, kept bawling out “fire” and “murder,” from between the bars of an upper-room in which the mutineers had locked him with his own key.

The din of the hammers, and the shouts of the imprisoned turnkey reached the ear of Sir Ludovic, and he was soon in the street. But ere this the vanguard of the vagrants had made good a retreat, leaving Curly himself and one of his soldiers to bring up the rear in the best way they could, in which they were rather assisted, so far as cheers went, than molested by the regular early risers, and divers of the elderly fair sex, among whom the females we have already noticed were conspicuous. The officer, seeing the prison-door ajar, and the turnkey imploring the populace to release him, to whom they replied with such gibes and jeers as plainly showed that he (Gourlay) was far from being a favourite, began to dread that its prisoner also might be among the fugitives, and he accordingly pushed through the circle of onlookers, and calmly demanded of the itinerant who he was, and his reason for leaving the prison at so suspicious an hour.

“Vy, meister,” answered Glunch, attempting to burlesque the English accent of the officer, a species of wit delectable to the villagers, “look aafter theen oan affairs; an’, if ye be’n’t afeard o’ a staing keep a bye fra’ the wasps’ byke, my man.” Having so delivered himself he coolly resumed the buckling and lading of his panniers.

At this moment the shrill voice of Gourlay piped through the bars: “Seize on him, sir! seize him in the king’s name! he’s broken oot o’ the To’booth, the confoonded reiving vagabond that he is; an’ he’s locked me up here, the scoundrel—seize on him in the provost’s name!”

“Hear till the auld wisand o’ Glaud Gourlay, how crouse he barks through the stanchers, but the tike’s fanckled in his ain tether noo,” said one of the female onlookers.

“Let Curly alane, gentle, gin ye dinna want your crown cloored wi’ a fore hammer,” bawled another, and addressing the officer.

Undaunted by this threat, and indignant at seeing the laws thus rudely set at defiance, Sir Ludowic seized Curly by the breast, with the intention that the authorities should first be apprised of his designs. But the sturdy vagrant was not to be arrested by a single arm, and instantly grappled with his detainer. The wrestle was well maintained for some time; and, although Glunch was evidently the stronger of the two,

and more accustomed to such feats, he was too intent to draw his dirk or hanger, which he wore more as a weapon of intimidation than of actual defence, and these efforts consequently prevented him from throwing his antagonist so soon as it was apparent he was able to do. Sir Ludowic was unarmed; or the combat would have been different, for few handled a rapier with more dexterity than our hero,—but, as it was, he had got entangled with a ruffian evidently his master, and he had to make the best defence he could, with such weapons as nature had furnished him with. Several times he stumbled and recoiled, reeled from the muscular propulsion of Curly, and anon grappled with him, with the renovated energy and determined vigour of a gladiator. It was, in some measure, a struggle for life; for, had the interval between the throws allowed the gipsy leisure to have extricated his rusty hanger, especially when so infuriated, there cannot be a doubt that he would have employed it upon his opponent in a way that would have left him maimed or murdered at his feet.

The struggle had continued several minutes amid the huzzas of the villagers, who offered no obstruction to the wrestle, principally from the conviction that so noted a bar-thrower and fisticuffer as King Curly would soon exhaust the.

fire and presumption of the youngster. But they, before long, changed their opinion of the latter's prowess; and, as one unavailing and desperate effort of the vagrant succeeded another, the women began to conjecture that all was not right, and that so redoubtable an antagonist, although attired like a cavalier, and bespoken like a southron, could be no other than the "foul thief" himself in the disguise of a "bonny weel-faured young gentleman, a shape whilk he had oftentimes appeared in."

But, in good sooth, not so was he deemed by Curly Glunch, and the solderer aforesaid, who having meanwhile witnessed the affray, upon the principles of strict neutrality, as laid down by all eminent statisticians—that is to say, as long as he conceived the chartered rights of the gang to be unendangered,—but, perceiving that the village was already in alarm, and that half-dressed burghers, half awake, were descending the street, and that Ritchie Fireflaught's drum was making its notes ring from bank to brae, and from house to bield, he rushed in between the combatants, and with a blow of his cudgel made the officer stagger back upon the ring of spectators, by some of whom alone he was prevented from falling to the ground.

"Death and fury!" vociferated Hobbes Jen-

kinson, as he burst through the ring, overturning a half-dozen and more of the half-naked on-lookers, sword in hand, with a few well-aimed strokes of which he made Curly kiss the ground, and laid his assistant at his feet. Jenkinson had seen the affray also from the windows of the hostelry, and had fortunately arrived in time to protect his master. At the same instant the Provost arrived with the Trades. The prisoners were reconducted to their strong rooms; Gourlay was released; and the remainder of the gang overtaken before they reached the grand cover of Dirledinnon wood, and also recommitted to durance.

In the riot occasioned by this mutiny among the gipsies, Sir Ludowic recognised Peter Birley coming towards the scene of action with a face of despair. Conceiving that all his plans were defeated by the escape of his prisoners, he looked like a criminal on his way to the Gallows-Green, —or, to use a more avizandum simile, as if some act of warding which he had taken out against dilatory debtor had been enforced against himself, and the attorney *without* become the unhappy sufferer *within* the hateful bars of a Tolbooth. He was soon undeceived, and each party was equally astonished at the tale of the other. Birley spoke confidently of having discovered

the child of Lord Macdonnell, and the baronet felt similarly assured that one person, at least, whom he had in custody, was more or less connected with that transaction. Alice O'Brian, however, was hourly expected, whose testimony, it was thought, would clear up all.

Before mid-day the magisterial and legal phalanx was assembled in the council-chamber or court-hall of the burgh-royal. The place had little to recommend it on the score of accommodation, being but a small room, furnished with a few chairs, a form or two, and a square table, at which the head of the magistracy presided, and on the right of whom the town Fiscal and his clerk wielded the grey-goose-quill symbols of office and impudence. A low window, (for the place was on the ground-floor,) cobwebbed and bespattered with mud, and further secured and darkened with cross iron-bars, yielded a dim light, sufficient, and barely sufficient, to discover the features of the parties, and enable the officials aforesaid to read the charges, or transcribe an interlocutor or warrant, for the signature of the magistrate. Sir Ludowic and his advisers were indulged with a seat on the left of the chair, while the inferior officers of the court in their scarlet coats, the turnkey, and probably a deacon or councillor, who had distant hopes of filling

the judicial seat, with two or three of the idlest of the villagers, along with the witnesses, occupied the back-ground.

Before this tribunal Alice O'Brian stated her complaint against Hugh Glunch, alias Curly Glunch, alias King Curly, alias King of the Gipsies. The King was accordingly confronted with her; and although she identified him as the chief of the band, and the person who had stood by while her wardrobe was explored, and its contents distributed among the women and the children, yet he unblushingly denied all knowledge of the transaction, or that he had ever seen her in his life; and as for the child she sought, he remarked, that there might be one, or two, more or less, in the keeping of the gang; but as to whom the brats belonged, it was a matter which he deemed of trivial importance, and beneath his concern.

It was apparent, from the effrontery of the vagrant, that he was determined to beard the court, possibly from a belief that no proof could be led of Alice ever having been seen in his party. The defence was evidently preconcerted; for the rest of the gang, as they were called, although severally identified, positively disclaimed an acquaintance with the complainant. None,

however, was more adroit in this respect than the ruling virago of Glunch's conjugal trio.

"And so, Margery," continued the Fiscal, "you mean to say that you are totally unacquainted with this woman or her lost bairn, and that you never have seen either the one or the other *to the best of your knowledge and belief*."

"I ne'er luiked the randy atween the een, for my pairt," answered Margery, with a bitter scornful air.

"Aiblens that blue keeker—an e o' Curley's love marks nae dowbt—may hae stunned your recollection a wee, Margery; think again, like a guid lass," said the Provost.

This spice of the *personal* in the magistrate was not relished by the lady, and she tauntingly rejoined, "Feint a bit stunned, Bailie, ony mair than your ain harns were wi' the guid licking ye gat frae Tam Meiklewreath on the night after the taking o' the Covenant."

"Ye've a distressing memory, my woman, on your ain affairs," further remarked the magistrate; "but may be ye're able to recollect whaur that roquelae whilk ye wear cam frae?"

"In troth, Provost, it may ha' come out o' your ain dyvour brither's shop, for ony thing I ken to the contrair."

“ But when and where came ye by it ?” enquired the Fiscal in a rage.

“ At the back-o’-beyond, Maister Caveat, whaur Curly Glunch’s father’s son’s wife gets mony a thing she canna weel charge her memory wi,” responded the virago with the greatest possible coolness, amid the suppressed laugh of the court and spectators.

It was found to be impossible to extort any thing in the shape of a confession from the heroine, who replied to the threats of further imprisonment with a snap of her fingers, and a sneer of defiance. The Nurse swore to the roquelaire aforesaid as being hers, as well as several other articles of apparel wore by Margery and her female associates, and which had been either abstracted from her bundle or stripped from her back by the wearers. She besides identified a small slightly chased gold ring, which the lady gipsy audaciously displayed upon her finger, and which led to the following colloquy.

“ How came you possessed of that ring, Margery ?” questioned the Fiscal.

“ Faith, Maister Caveat, I dinna weel mind, its sae lang sin syne ; but gin I can trust my memory, I think I coft it in your uncle, Jew Messer, as they ca’ him’s shop in the Trongate o’ Glasgow, wi’ my ain siller. I hae anither bit

ring besides this ane, Maister Caveat, whilk is mair than e'er your mither could say, whilk I won'er the Eerish limmer does na sweer to at the same time : may be ye can help her to do that too, Maister Caveat, but she nicht hae don't a' at ance."

On the complainant being interrogated if she knew of any private mark by which she could speak more distinctly to the trinket, she replied, that it was the gift of a clergyman, and on the interior rim was marked with his initials, E. B. W. It was not without some difficulty that the ring was taken from the gipsy's finger, when, on being examined, it was found to correspond with the marks given by Alice.

"What say ye to this noo, Margery?" enquired the Provost; "the woman whom ye ne'er saw, hath seen, I 'ledge, the best and the warst sides o' the maist o' your gear, Margery!"

"Seen, say you! Guid be wi' us! she kens o'er meikle to be cannie. Let me see the ring, Maister Caveat, for I wadna won'er but she's coosen glaumor o'er it."

"Na, faith!" answered the wary lawyer, grasping at the trinket with the speed of a hawk, for he knew his customer too well, and suspected that if she once more possessed it, she would take care to place it beyond his reach. In

short, the case was so clear that mine "Ladye" of the Gipsies, her loving lord, and sundry others of the gang, were committed for trial.

The child was next introduced, and the affectionate manner in which it flew to the arms of its foster parent, was a sufficient evidence in itself of the truth of the Nurse's story. With equal fondness did Alice receive its caress; and, indeed so mutual and involuntary were the interchanged tokens of affection that passed, that none who were strangers to the real facts of the case, could have considered it aught but the meeting of a fond mother with a lost and a beloved child. The interesting features of the little girl beamed above the menial raiment in which the vagrants had attired her, which was the same as on the former day, although greater pains had been taken to make the disguise more complete. Her long soft yellow hair fell down crisped and dishevelled on her shoulders; a dun tattered beaver covered her head and forehead; and she had been strictly enjoined not to mention the mode in which she fell into the hands of the gang, or the treatment she or the Nurse had received.

But in the presence of so many persons, a sense of wrong, and the impulse of early affection, triumphed over the threats of the vagrants;

for when it was intimated to her by the magistrate that she had now nothing to fear from them, or for what she might tell, she narrated in a simple, artless manner, in the melting dialect of Erin, tempered and modulated by the broader accent of Scotland, the life she had led, the restrictions that had been imposed upon her, the money, trinkets, and apparel, of which she and Alice had been purloined, the privations she had endured by night and by day, in outhouses and sheds, in which from the indifference of the women, and the ferocious dispositions of the other children, she had generally fared the worst. The intelligence of the child, and the distinct manner in which she detailed her sufferings, interested the sympathy of all who heard her ; but most of all, the sympathy of the Baronet, who, knowing the secret of her noble birth, and the melancholy effects of which her loss had been productive—the lordly mourner pining over her unhappy destiny—and his afflicted lady making the still echo of her chamber ring at midnight with the painful reminiscences of alienated but still maternal affection—“ Alas ! alas !” thought he, “ the decrees of Heaven are indeed inscrutable !”

Next came the investigation of the charge at the instance of Sir Ludowic ; and after a long

and learned discussion, in which the aid of Maister Quirky, the assessor of the burgh, was had recourse to, as to the competency of Daft Davie as a witness, it was at length agreed that his testimony might be received, and laid before the public prosecutor at Edinburgh, leaving it to that officer to admit or reject it as his superior knowledge of the rules of evidence might dictate. The chief argument in favour of the "natural's" evidence was, that David, alias Davy Goudie, though a reputed and suspected lunatic, or what in Scottish phraseology was termed "a daft callant," was nevertheless, by the law of Scotland, held to be sane, amenable, and responsible, until declared otherwise, or *non compos mentis*, by a legally constituted Court *de Lunatico Inquirendo*. This ingenious and clenching argument of Quirky's, we concede went the extreme length of placing Davy, the idiot, on a level, in point of comprehension and consciousness of right and wrong, with the gravest, most experienced, and religious burgher, town-councillor, or even kirk-elder, in the burgh; but how far it was founded in law or equity, or how far it might be considered a libel upon the whole inhabitants of Laneric, we profess not to be so conversant with "Mackittleflaw's Institutes" as to be able to determine.

As it was deemed desirable to confront the accused with the witnesses, some time elapsed before the invalid could be conveyed to the council chamber. A day in November soon flies past, and so long a time had the officials been engaged with Glunch and his gang, that the murk of the afternoon had set in before the prisoner was placed at the bar. The dingy hall of justice wore consequently a more sombre appearance; so that, what with the decaying light, and the number of persons who blocked up the door, and passed and repassed the window, despite the batons of the officers (for nearly the whole burgh-royal was astir), it was oftentimes difficult to descry correctly the features of the different persons across the apartment. After the prisoner had been placed at the end of the table in a cushioned chair, the "natural" was desired to say whether he was the person who fired into his mother's beild on the night libelled, when he unhesitatingly replied in the affirmative!

It is, however, necessary to apprise the reader that among the many persons who, during the time the king's troops were in the village, either did not choose, or were not permitted to sleep in their accustomed beds, Davie the innocent was one. The sanctity of his mother's abode had for the first time been violated, and as he had a

strong aversion to the common soldiers, he had taken up his quarters in a little outhouse in the garden, close by the rear window of the cottage. He had obtained therefore a view of the men who had committed the outrage; and in his accustomed rambles in Dirledinnon wood soon after, he had wandered into the hut where he recognised the perpetrators of it. Davie's sense of injury was perhaps as keen as that of many persons of more perfect intellects, and when he returned he intimated to his parent what he had discovered.

When the "natural" expressed his conviction of the prisoner's identity so promptly, the magistrate and the rest expressed some surprise, how a person so differently dressed from what he was on the night of the outrage, and so much changed and emaciated from illness, should be so distinctly recollected by a person of Davie's capacity. Sir Ludowic remembered that the night was cloudy, and the moon near her setting, and in her last quarter; and that consequently the light she afforded was barely sufficient to mark the outline of an object, the attitude, the dress, or probably the profile of the face, as it was presented to the spectator between where he stood or lay, as in the "natural's" instance in the shade, and the walls of the cottage. But that

this close view *was* obtained was, as they thought, far from being probable, and accordingly they conceived it advisable to ascertain from the witness the grounds upon which he spoke so confidently.

When his mother proposed the question by which his veracity seemed to be impugned, the poor creature betrayed strong emotions of indignation, and springing towards the prisoner and laying both his hands upon his left shoulder, he, in a tone of mingled joy and fury, cried—"Here gun shoot sel, Sir Maister o' Kennedy!"

The reader will call to mind that, previous to the discharge through the window of the cottage, the officer and his servants had been aroused by what they considered the report of fire-arms. It appeared from the testimony of the "natural," through his mother, who recollected the discharge herself, that the two men as they approached the window, in the first instance, used the precaution of examining their pistols, and while so engaged one of them went off, the ball of which struck the shoulder of the prisoner. They retreated to the bottom of the garden, but seeing no one appear, they anon returned to the same spot as before, and in this instance the same man had his wound bound with a napkin. Thence they eventually fired through the window,

and retreated towards the river. All this Davie had seen distinctly, and the extreme state of terror which he was in had the more deeply impressed the particulars on his mind.

These facts were confirmed by the examination of the surgeon of the place, who found a bullet-wound in the left shoulder, in a state of incipient gangrene, from the circumstance of the ball not being extracted. It will also be remembered that Hobbes Jenkinson, after the discharge upon the cottage, fired upon two men in the garden, and that one of them was seen to stumble. In confirmation that the prisoner was the person so wounded, a slight laceration of the intercostal muscles was discovered, as if inflicted by a ball having grazed upon the ribs.

The "natural" further identified the other prisoner as the other party in the outrage, and Hobbes' testimony went to establish the similarity of dress and appearance of both prisoners with those of the men on whom he had fired. But the second prisoner would give no name, or admit or deny the charges brought against him. He was accordingly removed to his cell.

Butler, however, protested his innocence, but he appeared confounded at the nature of the evidence by which the accusation was supported. He seemed as if in a stupor, or fit of mental

aberration ; and the transient flush of sickly red that came over his saffron features, and anon left them more ghastly than before, bespoke the agony which he endured. But he uttered not a word in explanation or refutation. He wiped the large drops of sweat that each momentary paroxysm left on his forehead, but sigh or sound came not from his lips.

By this time candles were brought in, and the prisoner was about being removed to the gaol, and was in the act of being carried to the door of the chamber, when a loud shriek arrested the attention of the court, and Alice O'Brian fell senseless on the floor !

While some stared with amazement at this strange occurrence, and others applied the usual restoratives, she gradually recovered, and as she gazed vacantly upon the candle, she muttered in a wild and distracted voice, " Blessed Mother ! where ! did not I see him ? "

" Shure an' ye did, my muthane maiden, as plain as e'er ye saw the Wicklow mountains in a sunny summer day—it was Father Workington shure enough ! " said Bridget Halloren, thrusting her head between the arms and sides of the officers, as if for the purpose of showing her features to the person she addressed.

Sir Ludowic gazed upon the dwarf in speech-

less astonishment, and the officials on one another equally bewildered; and Hobbes Jenkinson alone was heard to mutter to himself as he stood in a corner of the room, "By the bones of OLD NOL!" (an oath by the by which the trooper never had recourse to but on great emergencies,) "if Jack Blundle had been alive to ha' backed me, as I know Jack would ha' done through fire and water, I would ha' sworn, when I first saw the knave in the wood, that he was the same on' as sung mass and dammunicated us at tha' old abbey. Zounds! Jack was right after all."

CHAPTER IV.

What I have to inform you, comes, I own, a little out of its due course, for it should have been told a hundred and fifty pages ago, but that I foresaw then it would come pat in hereafter, and be of more advantage here than otherwise.

Tristram Shandy.

TRUE is it that Eustace Butler, whatever he might be at Lincoln's-Inn, was the identical Father Eustace Workington, of whom particular mention is made in an early part of this narrative. The reader will easily retrace the different characters in which he has appeared. It was the present Eustace Butler who arrived at the inn of Rigglehaggart along with Felix O'Donahue O'Gorman on the morning before the burning of the farm-yard of Reynolds, of Coolmaddy-chase; and it was he, who, upon the approach of the party of cavalry under Captain Kennedy, was discovered in a field, fired at by Hobbes, wounded, and carried by the soldiers to a cabin by the way-side. But here his identity ceased. His wound was but slight, and as soon as the dragoons had left the place, he and O'Gorman

devised the scheme by which, as they conceived, his fictitious murder might be turned to account. It happened that by a random shot from the king's troops when attacked at the entrance to the lawn of Coolmaddy-chase, one of the banditti had been killed. O'Gorman, on meeting the survivors of the gang, and learning this occurrence, desired the body of the deceased to be conveyed to the cabin where the wounded Jesuit had been carried. The corpse of the incendiary was accordingly stretched upon the bed, and habited in the good father's external vestments, who meanwhile betook himself to the sanctuary of Ballybogue. There the funereal honours to the *murdered priest* were planned, and thence issued all the edicts which resounded from hill to dale arousing the passions of the peasantry. On that solemn occasion the old monk who headed the procession round the chapel, bearing the bell, and invoking the awful curses of the Catholic Church upon the murderers of the holy Father, was Workington, the holy and shriven Father himself!

It was the same Workington who aided Felix O'Gorman in the outrage on the Lady Mary Macdonnell; and who, in conjunction with Bigney, the lay-priest, concocted the story by which the good monks of St. Thomas and the Lady

Dowager were deceived, and the barbarity imputed to Sir Ludowic Kennedy. It was the same Workington who guarded the entrance of the cabin at the Cove of Cork, and who, after his release upon bail, proceeded on his mission to Scotland, in the employment of Lord Macdonnell, and who is accordingly soon after seen in the hostelry of Marion Dalgliesh, in the Cowcaddens of Glasgow, under the imposing cognomen of the Reverend Hosiah M'Gill, preacher of the gospel, and attended by one of his expatriated elders in the person of Mark Brennan, the younger, of Killeny, in the county of Dublin, farmer and sheep-feeder. In short, Father Eustace Workington, *alias* Eustace Butler Workington, *alias* Father Philip de Regnis, *alias* Hosiah M'Gill, preacher of the gospel, *alias* Eustace Butler, of Lincoln's-Inn, London, student-at-law, are each and all the same individual, as we doubt not our ingenious reader hath long ago discovered.

It further appeared that Workington had not commenced his new character, as a preacher in Scotland, above a few days, when he was informed of the arrival of the baronet in that kingdom, the flight of Alice O'Brian, and subsequently the flight of Anthony Lesley, and withal the commission which Sir Ludowic had received

from Lord Macdonnell to make enquiries respecting him (the Jesuit) at the Olive Branch, in which case, he thought, his designs and real character, and his connexion with O'Gorman, could not fail to be discovered. It was to prevent the consequences of detection and disgrace to himself and his order, that he resolved to assassinate the officer.

But his own infamous intentions reverted upon himself. He suffered from the mortal wound which he intended to inflict upon another, and the same guilty arm which he raised against the life of Sir Ludowic put a period to that of Father Eustace Workington. It was fated that the last scene of his chequered existence should be enacted at Laneric. A few days after his examination his wound festered; he became paralytic, and, after lingering out several hours in severe pain, he breathed his last. Thus perished, by his own hand, a man who had undergone more peril in resisting the torrent of protestantism which had long threatened every sainted shrine in Europe than many of the early martyrs. Yet he died unknown,—or, if known, unrecognised. The crimes he had perpetrated made him an object of just abhorrence; but the obscurity of his retreat preserved him alike from

the commiseration of those who knew his good qualities, if any he had—and the execration of those who knew his vices, if such they deemed his labours in *THE CAUSE* to be. He was nearly fifty years of age, one half of which he had spent in the insidious avocations of his order. Whatever might be his conduct in meaner matters, in the service of his church he considered no toil too great—no infraction of divine or human laws—no abridgment of individual or family happiness—no act that human guilt could devise—deceit, wile, or open-day or midnight bravado, could accomplish,—too flagrant or reprehensible in the sight of heaven.

He died, as he had lived, a zealot in the cause of popery. Though he obviously suffered excruciating pain, and owed a debt of penitence on his death-bed to those he had wronged, yet he preserved the same imperturbable silence during the last few hours of his life, which he had maintained in the council-chamber. His lips moved sometimes as if lending a sympathetic response to the aspirations of his mind,—but he gazed upon vacancy. His eye had the cold icy glare of a corpse; and although it was observed to swim, as if in search of some new object to rest upon, yet the motion of his hand, in which he

held a small silver crucifix, which he repeatedly pressed to his breast, was the chief token that the spark of life was not utterly extinguished.

Some time before this he had refused to answer the few questions which the magistrate and Sir Ludowic had thought it their duty to propose ; and when the protestant clergyman of the village offered to supplicate the mercy of heaven on his soul, he waved his hand with an air of indignant and scornful denial. But this silence did not proceed from any paralysis of his organs of speech, for while apparently in the last pangs of death, he, in a tone of calm and distinct articulation, desired an interview with Brennan. This was granted, and his coadjutor in crime was brought before him. But no allusion to past conduct, nor no syllable relative to the truth or falsehood of the charge was interchanged. In a feeble voice, the dying man desired that a croslet, formed of wood, and tipped with pure gold, evidently of antique workmanship, which was suspended round his neck by a slender silver chain, should be abstracted thence, and delivered into the hands of some good catholic for the purpose of being conveyed to the "Goodly Rood College," at the Combe, in Herefordshire, to the masters and fellows of which he bequeathed it. Brennan promised obedience to his companion's

dying request, who shortly afterwards was effectually shrived from the cares of *this* world.

Anon, Lord Macdonnell, apprised of the recovery of one of his children, arrived in Scotland. The meeting of the noble baron with his long lost and despaired of child may perhaps be conceived, but no effort of our pen can pourtray the look of overpowering affection with which, as he clasped her in his arms, he gazed upon the lineaments of her girlish face,—lineaments which, though enlarged, were still the unaltered counterpart of her once and still beautiful but unhappy mother. O God! there are moments, in this world's happiest hours, when the smiling cheek and the bursting heart are blighted with the reminiscences of unutterable anguish! She was now in her seventh year; and, although four of these had elapsed since the date of the abduction, still the traces of her first home, and of a doting father's attention, had not been entirely obliterated from her infant memory. She recollected the names of places, and various incidents to which her sister and herself were witness, with a distinctness that increased the interest which the parent attached to them. In the fervour of paternal gratitude he seemed almost to have forgotten that he had recovered but half of his loss, and that the wretched Alice, to whom

he expressed himself so deeply indebted, was, nevertheless, the instrument of all his past sufferings. She had, it is true, made some amends for her transgressions; but still there was another child which she had trepanned, and of whom it was not in her power to give any account. But, in the generous excesses of the moment, many sorrows were forgotten; and his lordship, after spending a few days in Scotland,—happy days amid years of misery,—or as the poet expresses it—

Sunny islands in a stormy sea,

he set out for Ireland, taking with him the penitent nurse, thereby securing the benefit of her testimony in the prosecution of the other parties, should they be apprehended, judging at the same time that she might be a clue to the discovery of his eldest daughter. But the information which Alice could give was unimportant. She knew nothing of Major Sarney, except by the name of Lindsay; she knew absolutely nothing of Father Venzani, and extremely little, even by report, of his lordship's brother, Father Gerald, or the part he had acted in the transaction.

As for Mark Brennan, he escaped from the gaol of Laneric, and from the dreadful duration of the "Stane room" thereof, only a few days

after the death of the Jesuit, and in spite of all the vigilance of the turnkey, especially as the “outbreaking” was accomplished on a Sunday afternoon, while the said official was attending the exercises of grace in the parish kirk. What hand Bridget of the Cliff had in this escape we presume not to know; but certain it is, that the good woman remained in the neighbourhood of the village till it was accomplished, although she had previously been offered a free conveyance to her home in Ireland. But she nevertheless declined giving any explanation of the motives which induced her to visit Scotland, and hover over the hiding-place and the death-bed of the Jesuit. She admitted the facts; but withheld the reasons. To the entreaties of Sir Ludovic she only replied, that she had a *duty* to perform, and that she had performed it so far; and that as for reward she sought none, nor would she accept any. She had, she said, acquitted her conscience and done his Honour a service; but that she would do as much more to please herself, *and a thousand times more to effect the purpose she had in view!* What that purpose was, she explained not.

As for the other actors in this motley scene, it is enough to say, that Curly Glunch and his gang, after spending the winter in the Tolbooth,

were at last brought to trial, and being acquitted from the non-appearance of Alice and her charge, as witnesses for the prosecution, commenced their vagrant operations with the ensuing spring. Nelly Goudie and the "natural" were rewarded with a small pension from Sir Ludowic; but even this, though it was creditable to Nelly's sense of justice, and conduced not a little to ameliorate the infirmities of old age, did not erase the deep-rooted prejudices which the inhabitants entertained against her. She lived and died a reputed witch; and the legends of the burgh to this day can testify how that, at day-break on the misty morning before her demise, a gray-hooded corbie crow was seen to perch upon the chimney-top of her cottage; and how that Cora Linn, instead of sending for the singing sound like the sweet melody of family devotion in the breezy twilight of a Sunday evening, as it was wont to do at such a season, it being the middle of summer, was heard to moan fearfully at intervals through the night; a sure presage that all was not right above the falls.

As for the "natural," he went to the "mools," a "daft callant" at nearly fifty years of age. The pension was continued to him during his life, which at Nelly's death, along with the cottage and garden, fell under the guardianship of

the Provost and Town Council, who by enforcing a rigid economy were able to support Davy upon the one half of his emoluments. When at last he died, as no heirs came forward to claim the property, (which by the way was rather a remarkable circumstance benorth the Tweed,) it in process of time became part and parcel of the town lands, and remained so for several years. But as it was a tempting spot of ground, as well from its natural fertility, as from its charming southern exposure, it happened soon afterwards to fall into the possession of Maister Caveat, the town Fiscal before mentioned. It dare not be doubted that this transfer of "Goudie's yard" was an equitable and honourable transaction, in which the interest of the community at large was mainly consulted, from the fact that it was negotiated and completed shortly after a fiercely contested election, in which Provost Girdlebowl, for the thirteenth time, gained a signal victory over the factious burghers and portioners, in which Caveat had done his utmost to preserve the legitimate ascendancy of the magistracy.

While these occurrences were in progress in the upperward of Lanarkshire, Patrick Ramsay had been assiduous in tracing the history of the fraudulent attempt upon the Kennedys,

and in pursuing Lesley, against whom a warrant was issued for his being an accessory to the abduction. But Anthony had hitherto eluded his pursuers, and was able to maintain such a correspondence with Major Sarney, who notwithstanding his recent conduct still resided harmless and publicly in Glasgow, as made him in some measure acquainted with the proceedings of the advocate. He had learned the issue of the investigation at Laneric, and was aware of the information which Ramsay possessed as to the deeds, although he could not unravel how that information had been obtained. He might easily indeed have made his escape from the kingdom; but still he was so much attached to Scotland, and had now some ties, as he conceived, to bind him to it, in the Mailin of Gryfeland, that he was most anxious to ensure a few peaceful days in the wane of life, by offering such terms of compromise to the parties whom he had injured as his advisers might deem proper.

This being his wish the Major willingly offered his influence to promote it. But Multiple Duplies saw the case through a different medium. We indulge in no vile allusion to personal defects, when we say, that his view of the circumstances had an oblique refraction towards his own private interest. He conceived, that if

an arrangement were effected, Lesley, instead of being a silent suitor, necessitated to succumb to his legal dictum, would become a cavilling client, blunt enough perhaps to insist upon the management of his own affairs, and the treasurership of his own deeds and tenures. The dread of this stole over the mind of the attorney, to the exclusion of all other considerations, and he determined if possible to defeat its accomplishment. He harboured no wish to see his rare harvest-dreams blasted by the sickly honesty or penitent villany of his client; for, in good sooth, Multiple had not plodded among the grins and mazes of the law for forty years, and scraped together a fortune from the fag-ends of bankrupt estates, the shreds and patches of spendthrift lairds, the grassums of drunken drovers and butchers, and the fees of the quarrelsome, the litigious, and the unfortunate, in all the less reputable grades of society,—we say, Duplies had not spent a long pettifogging life within a frog's leap of the gallows, not to know, that possession is nine parts of the law; and that as he held the Mailin of Gryfeland in his own name, while Lesley held no receipt for the sums advanced in its purchase, it might, without any very serious or protracted brulziement before the Fifteen, be recognized as *his* property, in bonâ fide possess in,

provided that Anthony were once more a sojourner beyond seas.

But Sarney saw the aim of the attorney. He desired Lesley to be careful of his concealment, and intimated that he might consider Duplies as one more disposed to injure than assist him in his dilemma: and he requested him to make no further concession respecting his property till he should hear from him at London, whither he intended departing without delay.

In the interim, Ramsay, though unsuccessful in apprehending the refugee, had been repeatedly offered possession of the bonds, by Duplies, on condition that a specified sum of money should be paid to indemnify him for his alleged losses in carrying on the process. This the advocate refused; and was beginning to give up all hopes of being able, on satisfactory evidence, to convict the attorney of being *particeps criminis* to the fraud, as he believed him to be, when he received a package which entirely changed the complexion of the proceedings.

When Duplies intrusted the Confidential with the mortgages, on the Sunday night on which Sir Ludowic last arrived in Glasgow, for the purpose of having them safely concealed in a certain garret in the Drygate of that city, it would appear that he reposed more confidence

in the head clerk than he was fairly entitled to. Moderwill, instead of pacing directly to the repository of reek and cobwebs, and the undisturbed dust of twenty or thirty years, as he ought to have done, betook himself, in the first instance, to the "Parting Friends" vintnery, where, with two or three noted shinty-players from the Gorbals, Caption the messenger, Clip-sclait of the Trongate, and a few jovial others, he began to prepare himself for encountering the aridity of the garret by a gentle mollification of his internals. In his extreme eagerness to be joyous and communicative, the canary and aquavitæ flew briskly round the parlour; Wattie, *sans peur*, laid his bundle of parchment in a bunker; and as his first cronies departed, joined in a learned conversation with three Argyleshire drovers, who were on their way homewards from Carlisle, touching the prices of horned cattle, wool, brown rappee, &c. &c. One of the Gaels was known to the Confidential as having been a client of Duplies; and the client in return had some rankling recollections of Wattie, in so far as he was art and part with his employer, in filching from the spleuchan of the Highlander, divers punds Scots in shape of law costs; a manifestation of legal and lowland friendship of which he of Argyle did not approve.

A Highlander, be it known, doth not speedily forget or forgive either an affront or an injury ; and he is far from being particular as to whom he wreaks his vengeance upon, provided the sufferer be in any canonical degree within the pale of propinquity with his enemy. For instance, had a M'Lean been wronged by a Campbell, it was by no means deemed requisite that the man upon whom M'Lean might lawfully retaliate, should be nearer connected with the aggressor, than a fifteenth or sixteenth cousinship ; so that had the tail of a Campbell's cow been couped by a M'Lean, it did not materially signify whether the actual amputator was punished or not ; provided, that a M'Lean's head (not a cow's head, but a real caput of a M'Lean) was cut off, and a score or two of his bláck cattle foraged in return.

It is true, that the drover in this instance had no authority for assuming that Wattie and the writer were *fratres in malis* ; and, as we have shown, the house of Moderwill interchanged no quarterments with that of Duplies, so that even according to the rules and usages of the tournament in Kintyre an offence committed against a Campbell by a Duplies did not warrant reprisals upon one of the clan Moderwill.

Be this as it may, after a long and forensic

discussion of the case in Gaelic or Erse, which the Confidential not having studied at the university of Lochabber, did not understand, it was finally agreed, that as Wattie was the assistant of Duplies, he could be considered in no other light than as his haunchman, runner, or tailsman, and was consequently responsible for the actions of his master; and that as the injury complained of did not come within the statute of limitations, it being only of nine years standing, the complainant had the option either of demanding satisfaction by a fair trial of claymores or broadswords, or by sending a bullet through his head on the first convenient opportunity.

We say that this clear and comprehensive view of the law was laid down by the three Campbells, in the hearing of the Confidential. But they did not advise a strict or rigid adherence to it. As for challenging a be-breeched Sassenach attorney's serf or quaigh-bearer, to single combat, that was deemed unwarrantable, not only from the plebeian name and extraction of their enemy, (for so the Gaels libelled the house of Moderwill,)—but, inasmuch as the clang of swords, might be apt to alarm the bailies, and lead to the barbarous imprisonment of the person of a Campbell in a dirty lowland tolbooth, an insult which their clan had abhorred from the

Augustan age of Ossian downwards. Then again, as for the second alternative, the bullet,—a cool leaden mittimus to the head-clerk before he could have time to take a protest,—that was also abandoned, not on the score of clemency, God forbid! but in respect that the authorities might also interfere, and that, in the Low Countries, a jury oftentimes came to very different conclusions to any that the lads of Argyle were accustomed to. Taking these several difficulties into consideration, a medium course was adopted; so that, after the aqua vitæ had made as many revolutions round the room as there are islands in Lochlomond, and when the canary stoup had been emptied, and replenished, and emptied again, and after the Confidential had told all his best jokes, the *on-dits* of the bar in a double sense, and after the Highlanders had laughed, and toasted “success to trade,” and “high prices for horns,” and “sneeching for the gathering,” and extolled to the very skies the wit and legal attainments of their companion, they at length thought it time to enforce their reprisals, which, in the felicitous condition of the poor clerk, was a matter of easy accomplishment. They opened the window of the room, and lifting Wattie at the same time, they tossed him plump into the black *glaury* bosom of the Mo-

molendinar burn, which meandered in the rear of the tavern. Having so disposed of the Confidential, one of the Campbells, the injured one of course, took possession of the bonds, not from any value which he attached to them intrinsically, but merely as he deemed their loss might be some detriment to his Sassenach foe Duplies.

It is unnecessary to describe the plight of the unhappy Confidential when daylight, and some returning gleams of sobriety pointed out the place where he lay. All recollection of how he came there was obliterated; and whatever information mine host of the "Parting Friends" could have imparted relative to the past night's transaction, he held the honour of his clan, (for he was a Campbell too,) and the respectability of his vintnery, in too high estimation, to be more than prudently communicative. The mortgages were gone. Wattie banished them from his mind like the thoughts of a past reckoning; and, after he had divested himself of the redolent slime of the Molendinar, and dozed out a forenoon's hectic slumber, he returned to the office as if all had been right, and the deeds safely stored as was intended.

The valorous lads of Argyle, having some business to transact at the port of Greenock, betook themselves to that place next day, and

while there they paid a complimentary visit to their kinsman Captain Dugald M'Taggart, who having wound up his concerns with the "Covenanter's Widow," to which a new master was appointed, was on the eve of setting sail for his native island in a new wherry built for the purpose. The Campbells and M'Taggarts had long lived on terms of amicable intercourse,—that is to say, they had seldom preyed upon each other, a proof of friendship highly creditable to the Campbells, who were the stronger clan. These amiable feelings had been increased by a sort of distant relationship between Donald Campbell and Captain M'Taggart, in so far that the widow of Donald's wife's second cousin's son had married a nephew of Cameron M'Taggart, who was fifth cousin of the aforesaid Dugald's brother's brother-in-law; so that it is apparent that if the captain was exceedingly glad to see his relative, this might be attributed, as much to the kindly feelings that intermarriages produce among distant families, as to any other cause. The Campbells, we say, were hospitably received by the captain, and were invited to a seat in his wherry, provided they were inclined to pass over Arran on their way to Kintyre. This they most cordially accepted, and after a good run of an after-

noon and part of a night, the Gaels landed at Lamblash, in the aforesaid island.

During the voyage, the Campbells recounted to M'Taggart the exploit they had enacted on the person of Wattie Moderwill, which not a little tickled the old commander, and reminded him of many such tricks which he and his crew had performed upon the wild Indians of the Honduras; and, as a proof of the authenticity of the transaction on the banks of the Molendinar, Campbell produced the bonds, which he presented to the captain, not that he considered them of any use, but as the schipper in his intercourse with the world had acquired the vulgar southron habit of being able to read, which the Gael thanked God could not be laid to the charge of any of his name except the minister and the factor, and that probably he (M'Taggart) might by looking over the parchments, when he had nothing else to do, be able to find something to amuse him.

Some short time after this, Dugald (who, by the by, was not the scholar which his kinsman Campbell took him to be) having, with the assistance of a student from the college of Glasgow, who had fled to Arran from an action of bastardy, at the instance of the Principal of that

learned seminary, made out part of the manuscripts, and found that they related to the Kennedy family, took an early opportunity of transmitting them to Sir Ludowic, who he ascertained still sojourned in the Lowlands of Scotland.

The Baronet was not a little surprised at the receipt of the parchments, and his old commander's account of the manner in which he had received them. He delivered them to Patrick Ramsay, who, upon examining them minutely, found various entries in the hand-writing of Duplies, and of a date antecedent to that of the letter of inclosure and instructions which accompanied them from Father Venzani. The fraud was now so apparent, and the guilt of the attorney so glaring, that the advocate had no difficulty in obtaining a warrant for his examination. On this ordeal Multiple exhibited all his skill in legal stratagem, and with an effrontery which none could exercise better, peremptorily refused to give any account of the transaction, and pleaded the privileges of his profession as a cover to his conduct. This, however, did not avail him, and eventually he was committed to stand his trial at Edinburgh for fraud and wilful imposition.

CHAPTER V.

I obey, sir.

In Heaven we shall meet where King Frederic
Dare not appear to part us.

Evanche.

WHILE these incidents were being developed in Scotland, changes of equal importance to our narrative were occurring in Ireland.

The death of the Lady Dowager Macdonnell, under the circumstances we have described, left the Lady Mary unshackled by any death-bed injunctions, while the exposure and frustration of the designs of O'Gorman, covered the partisans of Father Gerald with shame. The love-lorn and dejected Felix, to escape the consequences of so outrageous a breach of the king's peace, forfeited his bail, which, by the way, his brother of Rathmines never paid, and sought shelter in those wilds of his native Connaught, long and justly celebrated as sanctuaries from the intrusions of justice; while his fair cousin, notwithstanding the entreaties and remonstrances of

her relations, sought a refuge from assault under the roof of her brother, Lord Macdonnell.

This last act exasperated her western kinsfolk the more ; and the pious monks and fathers of her communion, who were wont to possess the confidence of the Lady Dowager, and who, moreover, retained a kind of hereditary and spiritual sway over the unapostatized members of the family, were loud in their outcries, that she also was about to become a renegade to the apostolical and only true faith. Father O'Leary alone saw the distinction between a free and a constrained adherence to the church of Rome, and between the exercise of personal liberty and the barbarous enforcement of connubial engagements ; and it was, in some measure, owing to the private advice of this good father, that she adopted such a course. When to these considerations we add the promptitude with which his lordship had tendered her his assistance when he heard of the outrage,—the affectionate importunity with which, after the demise of their mother, he had invited her to his home, and the liberal fortune he placed at her disposal, it is not surprising that one so unprotected and so much at the mercy of Jesuitical machinations, should seek the asylum of her brother's hearth, notwith-

standing the imputations which fanaticism might cast upon her conduct.

So situated was the Lady Mary when she heard of the battle of Pentland hills, the attempt upon the life of Kennedy, and the discovery of one of her brother's lost children.

But the political evolvings of the sister island at this juncture are also of some importance to our story.

Few men had experienced so many of the vicissitudes of life as the Duke of Ormond. He had been an honest servant to Charles I.; and when that monarch became the victim of his own narrow policy, and the fanatical anarchy of the times, he faithfully and gallantly adhered to the fortunes of his son. So devoted, indeed, was he to the king, that he even carried his loyalty to an excess. Affection for his royal master appears to have urged him far beyond the legitimate land-marks of obedience, and induced him to forget, that overstrained condescension is but another name for obsequious servility. Such passive devotion might be amiable in the man,—but, in many instances, it was derogatory to the dignity of the peer, and unpardonable in the statesman, who by more resolute demeanour might have checked the thoughtless career of the

royal libertine, and recalled a heart, perhaps naturally generous, to a recollection of its earlier reminiscences, and tended to rescue a licentious court from the jewelled influence which disgraced it. Had Ormond repelled the first appearances of peevish insolence in the prince, as became his age, his loyalty, and his eminent services, the historian would have seen more to commend in his character; and such conduct might for ever after have preserved him from the moody and insulting obloquy,—the haughty and waspish humours of Charles. But this was not in his nature. These moods, and humours, and insults, ruffled not the temper of Ormond. He bore the frowns of the court-favourites with undisturbed equanimity. He strode with his staff at Windsor and Whitehall the only being who seemed an unknown stranger there; for, as the monarch with pompous babyism averted his face, the minions avoided him as if he had been a spy upon their profligacy, or a walking evil, which not even the king's touch could cure.

The great error of the house of Stuart, and one of the main sources of their misfortunes, was dissimulation and ingratitude. The James's and the Charles's were all more or less tainted with these besetting sins. They never knew the worth of a virtuous servant; or if such a cha-

racter was by chance or whim received into royal favour, it was only to be discarded in the end, to gratify the spleen or jealousy of some dissolute favourite, or flung dishonoured and pennyless upon the world to soothe the wretched resentment of some profligate and capricious mistress. These blemishes were as deeply engrained in Charles II. as in any of his dynasty; for, from his very outset in public life, notwithstanding the injunctions, all derived from experience, of his royal father, he appeared to make duplicity and hypocrisy subsidiaries to his foreign and domestic policy. Good faith was but another term for deceit and the pleasure of the moment; and the violation of the most sacred promises, an offence light and trivial as a hasty word rashly uttered and repented of—or an evil thought indulged for a moment and forgotten for ever. From his recognition of the covenant in Scotland to his restoration—from his restoration to his death, his whole policy consisted in annulling, reacting, and undoing his own measures—in caressing the most worthless, in disparaging the most virtuous of his ministers—in tampering with bigotry and professing toleration—in adhering to the lectionary of Rome in his closet, and the protestant liturgy in public—in tendering pledges he never intended to redeem, and in forming re-

solutions at night merely to serve the purposes of despicable intrigue, and be broken and laughed at on the succeeding morning.

No one, it is true, can refrain from shedding a tear over the misfortunes of the Stuarts; but we fear that the generous emotion is to be traced to the sufferings of a gentler Stuart than either a James or a Charles. That they cherished notions of prerogative incompatible with the rising intelligence and love of freedom in England was no extraordinary fault in the successor of Elizabeth, or even in Charles the First. But that Charles the Second, after the death-bed legacy which his royal father had bequeathed him—after he had seen the power and ascendancy of the people, should still grope in the same tract of narrow and bigotted policy—affect the same contempt for the opinions of his subjects, and deny to the Scottish nation what he had solemnly bound himself to ratify—rights for which he well knew they had fought for upwards of thirty years, and the efforts to subvert which had in no slight degree contributed to the fatal end of his parent—that Charles the Second should have acted this part, we say, can only be accounted for on the score of the most consummate perfidy and folly, or upon the less criminal one of thoughtless and profligate indifference.

That the religious differences in Scotland finally paved the way to the revolution cannot be doubted. The act of conformity was not only an ill-advised and impolitic measure, but it was one of atrocious injustice to the presbyterians of that kingdom. It was forcing upon a brave, moral, and loyal people, a mode of religious worship which they disliked, and which they disliked the more intensely, because they conceived it to be a mere apology for the one which they had recently, and not without many bloody struggles effectually shaken off. And this act of conformity was the more culpable in Charles than in any of his predecessors, when the obligations under which he lay are considered, and from the fact that he could not even allege the silly defence or excuse of being driven into the measure by the parliament. But above all he was inexcusably culpable in sanctioning such policy, when his placidity in regard to every other mode of religious service, except that of the church of Rome, was notorious, and which deprived him even of the pretence that he legislated from conviction.

The conduct of Charles towards the Duke of Ormond was in consistency with his character. The servant never knew when he had the confidence or approbation of his master. At the

restoration the Duke for the second time was entrusted with the government of Ireland, and never governor had a more arduous or more delicate task to perform. He had the exasperations of the protestants to appease; the enraged catholic nobility and priesthood to conciliate; the presbyterians and other sects to calm and win over—he had the nuncio Rinuncini and his fire-and-faggot adherents to goad him on the one side, and Old Nol's disbanded troopers to threaten him on the other. He had claimants of lost estates to satisfy without an acre to give them; and he had ejected soldiers to compensate without a dernier to do it with. To increase these difficulties, he had every few weeks some conspiracy to watch; some Rockite or Rorry-Moore threat of assassination to trace and avoid; and every few weeks some Connaught invasion, or insurrection elsewhere, to suppress. He had all this to accomplish with dissatisfied troops, whom he could not pay, and on whom consequently he could not depend. His whole army was often in arrears for more than six months at a time, so that he frequently had not a single regiment on whose allegiance he could rely.

Yet these obstacles, which would have crushed an ordinary man, did Ormond surmount, and he completed an act of settlement, which, however

objectionable in many parts, and oppressive in others, was the best and only settlement which the peace and security of Ireland, and the state of parties would admit. These eminent services, however, did not protect him from the machinations of the tinsel knights of the English court, or tend to make the king's friendship for him less trustless and irresolute. The Duke of Buckingham, and even the Lords Lauderdale and Ashley, bore him no favour, and had long intrigued for his disgrace. Buckingham, it is said, secretly aspired to the Viceroyship himself; but it is the more probable that his enmity to Ormond sprang from his implacable jealousy of every man in power whom he could not influence or control.

At this period England, like Ireland, was in a state of unparalleled distress. Its agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, were labouring under extraordinary depression and embarrassment; and the legislative measures introduced to relieve them were of a piece with most of the other sagacious and felicitous enactments of the Buckingham and Lauderdale administration. To lighten the burdens of the English land-owners, a bill was introduced into St. Stephen's to prevent the importation of Irish cattle. Every one knew it was a blow aimed at the Duke of Ormond,

and devised to render his administration more perplexing. Nay, so palpable was this, that the importation of Irish cattle, which in the wisdom of the age was understood to mean not only horned cattle, sheep, goats, and all sorts of quadrupeds, but also *fish*, was voted a "nuisance," upon which word alone, to retain or not to retain, the House of Commons debated three days, and at last the ministry gained a signal victory in favour of the word.

Ormond, as was his duty, exerted his influence, as a counsellor of the king, to defeat the measure, which besides being one of glaring injustice, he foresaw would entail overwhelming distress upon Ireland. The king warmly expressed himself sensible of the truth of the Viceroy's remonstrances, and "solemnly protested" that in the event of the bill passing both houses, he would withhold from it his sanction. The good monarch's solemn protests, however, were of little avail, for the bill received the royal signature on the following Saturday.

In the carrying of this favourite measure, Buckingham of course was exceedingly active, and in his place in parliament declared that no one could oppose the bill except those "who had Irish estates or *Irish understandings*."

These personal reflections on the part of

“Bucks,” were far from being palatable to the Lord Ossóry, the Duke of Ormond’s eldest son, who could not forbear retorting, somewhat tartly, “that such aspersions on loyal and honourable men could only come *from some orator of the Rump or discarded counsellor of Cromwell’s!*”

The confusion which this reply produced can scarcely be conceived. The silken and woollen ships of Queen Bess upon the tapestry of the house seemed to pitch from the concussion and tornado of voices, as if they had been at sea in a gale of wind. Noble lords spoke by dozens; and we blush to say, that uncourtly and unmeasured terms of reproach and rejoinder were bandied about without fear or reserve. The strife ended in compliments similar to those which commenced it; and the young lord, a lad of mettle, and with some drops of Tipperary blood in his veins, resolved upon demanding satisfaction from the noble duke for the insults he had heaped upon his countrymen and himself. This he did in due form and solemnity—the challenge was gallantly accepted, and the bright inches of the toledoes notified and agreed to.

Next morning our hero posted to the park with the chivalrous and indignant haste of a brave Irishman, in the white hoar-frost of the dawn, and full two hours before the time. But

when at length the lazy clock announced the hour appointed, alas! no Buckingham made his appearance. The truth is, his Grace, like many drawing-room and St. Stephen mammals of his own and more modern times, had an utter aversion to cold steel, whether tempered in the Ebro or the Thames, especially if handled by a youngster who was no mock-passado foil-fighter; and he accordingly preferred the consolation of the Roman, which in good sooth we have heard quoted on less ruthless emergencies, "*Iniquissimam pacem justissimo bello præfero*," to the probable fate of being yirked under the fifth rib and carried home defunct, in the way better described by the Mad Lieutenant in Beaumont and Fletcher—

"Another spurs in there, cries, 'Make room, villains!
I am a lord.' Scarce spoken, but with reverence,
A rascal takes him o'er the face, and fells him!
There lies the Lord, the Lord be with him!"

But although his Grace did not condescend to hazard any mortal consequences from the rapier of the gallant of the Emerald, yet he softly whispered the affair to the Mistress Palmer, and she, as became an exemplary damsel, hastily threw on her pearl necklace, while her waiting-woman tied on her yellow-silk-fringed red-morocco pantofles, and arranged her hair and her bodice into a style

of pretty unparticular dishabille, and flinging her goldlace-trimmed crimson Genoa-velvet mantle over her alabaster shoulders, she flew on the wings of love and solicitude to acquaint the king with the deed of death about to be perpetrated. Charles saluted the enchanting girl with a hand-sel morning kiss, cracked a joke about Bucks adventuring to spill loyal blood, except "for thee, Peg, or our crown and dignity," and at last ordered a guard to take the "mad rogues" into custody for daring to break the peace so ungallantly. All this while young Ossory was beating his toes in the Park, and slapping his fingers to keep them from being frost bit, and half inclined to slap them in any one's face, who, seeing a gay cavalier unattended at such an early hour, might come to wonder, "What a' mercy! can he be doing there?" Blaquefort at length arrived with a party of the guards, and while his noble antagonist lolled on his bed, the young peer was arrested, and marched off to the Tower.

These incidental circumstances contributed to incense such a mind as Buckingham the more against Ormond. He could not conceal the petty malice he bore him, which was almost daily breaking out into some taunt against the Irish government, or some insinuation unworthy his rank. The fire of London produced the most

heart-rending misery among many thousands of families, who, houseless, without money or credit, and without employment, had to subsist entirely upon public charity. Contributions were made for the sufferers in all parts of the empire; and in Ireland a large subscription was entered into. But however much inclined, the Irish, God knows, had no money to send to their relief. The cattle prohibition bill had taken effect; sheep were selling at a penny a head, bullocks that used to bring fifty, bringing no more than ten shillings, and horses “selling for dog’s meat at twelve pence a-piece*!” The Irish contributions, therefore, had to be made in kind, and thirty thousand beeves were subscribed for, to be shipped with all convenient speed.

But the Irish were not to be permitted to claim credit for any such act of benevolence, nor the Duke of Ormond the merit of having originated it. Buckingham’s party in the Commons represented the donation as an Irish expedient to defeat the cattle prohibition bill, and the duke himself, with Lauderdale and others, held the

* Hear this, ye steed philanthropists, and blush for your forefathers! Behold the state of the bullock trade, ye graziers of the north and west, and weep over the ashes of your predecessors! Offer an annual *Te Deum*, ye breeders of Norfolk, for your deliverance from times when a wether went to the shambles for a penny!

same language in the House of Lords. No insinuation could be more contemptible than this; yet as it aroused the prejudices of the country 'squires,—who turned up their optic organs in consternation, and wondered if there might not be something in it,—and prevented the importation for some time, these ministers were able to make it subservient to party purposes, a deplorable instance of the influence they possessed, and a proof of the ignorance and prejudice of the Lords and Commons in England in the merry days. It would indeed have been an *Irish* mode of defeating an act of parliament; or, as our excellent friend Mr. Jasper Bletherchaffs, the lecturer on political economy, would express it—“it would have been a bull-politic, like granting a bounty to a stock-farmer out of his own pocket, with a tax upon the transfer!”

The misrepresentations of Buckingham and his adherents could not fail to give uneasiness to the Duke of Ormond. The same confederacy which had procured the dismissal and disgrace of the Lord High Chancellor Clarendon was actually at work, sapping his reputation, and frustrating the measures of his government. But he still trusted to the friendship of the king; and although he dreaded Buckingham, yet he thought the gratitude of Charles would enable him to

defeat the conspiracy. But the strength of the enemy prevailed; and the repeated assurances which he had received from his sovereign of protection from the machinations of the English cabinet, like his thousand other promises, were mere motes of dust in the balance—the evanescent ebullitions of weakness or dissimulation. He was recalled and threatened with an impeachment, a common and popular exhibition in the St. Stephen masques of those times.

The day at last arrived on which the Duke of Ormond was to take leave of the nobility and gentry of Ireland, and the citizens of Dublin, to all ranks of whom, his urbanity, the splendour of his viceroyalty, and the unceasing efforts he had made to promote the best interests of the kingdom, had made him popular. At an early hour a vast assemblage of all classes and of both sexes, was collected in the Phoenix Park, anxious to join in the escort which it was intended to give his Grace, for a few miles out of the city. It was a clear and arid day in the end of spring; and the sun shone with uninterrupted brightness. The gay equipages which drove among the walks—the elegant dresses of the females—and the immense throng of persons on foot and on horseback, that moved among the trees,

formed altogether a scene of unusual splendour and attraction.

His Grace at length appeared, along with his duchess, the officers of state, and a gay train of nobility—of “doughty knights and ladyes faire”—of esquires and citizens, and all the beauty and fashion of Leinster. The procession moved in regular order towards the romantic village of Bray, then composed of a few houses, an old castle, and a small rude gothic structure in ruins, which had formerly been the chapel of a monastery long ago levelled to the ground. The above beautiful hamlet, situated about ten miles from the capital, on the borders of the county of Wicklow, and in a hollow, on the margin of a small, pebbly, pellucid, and rapid-running stream, that fell into the sea at a few hundred yards below, was selected as the place of parting. In approaching the spot the peaked tops of the Wicklow mountains, covered with dark brown heath, were in the foreground, rising almost perpendicular from the village, and serving as conductors to the vapours as they floated towards the sea, and which, by the good people of those parts, even in the present day, are accused of causing more rain to pour upon that lovely spot than falls any where else within the

jurisdiction of St. Patrick. The road to the interior of Wicklow was then a narrow path, which winded up among the peaks with a rapidity of ascent that by no means suited the lean and ill-fed cattle whose duty it was to climb it, often both hastily and heavily laden. Modern science, however, hath so improved this pass, as to make it the fashionable drive of the spruce Sunday denizen in his unnameable and undescribable vehicle, who, as he looks down from among the crests of the hills on the turf-smoke in the valley, and the rippling wave washing the yellow sands far under his feet, fancies himself (for where is there a Milesian who knoweth not the classics?) in some Arcadian region—the clouds resting upon the mountains to be so many Corinthian-columned temples, sacred to melody and the Muses—the half-starved tarry sheep upon the heath to be the fat fleecy flocks of Silvander—and the lean hungry kine of Denis O'Mullen and his wife Sheelah, to be the lowing herds which the gods and goddesses of the silver age descended from the skies to tend;—when

Venus a swain loved with hearty good will,
And helped him his flocks to attend on the hill.

But the rugged road and the few mud and straw cabins which composed the hamlet, had then as interesting and picturesque an appearance as they have now under the drapery of modern improve

ments. The vale leading to the Dargle, covered with natural wood, and terminating in a green amphitheatre formed by the hills, whence the eye descending with the stream, looked over a cluster of huts in one spot—a ruined tower in another—the remains of some desolated sanctuary in a third, sacred to the creeping ivy and the moping owl—till it was lost in the blue expanse of St. George's Channel, was then as beautiful as it is still.

It was in the centre of this fairy land, that the Viceroy bade adieu to his escort. A short way from the village, the whole line of carriages and equestrians formed into a hollow square, leaving convenient interstices for the peasantry, who had come many miles to witness the ceremony. Within this square his Grace returned thanks for the honour done him; expressed his regret at parting with so many friends; and concluded, by assuring them, that though called by his sovereign to humbler duties, his exertions would ever be devoted to the weal of Ireland.

After this address, the air was rent with acclamations; tears fell from a thousand eyes, and "God bless him!" from ten thousand lips; while his Grace and suite ascended the serpentine path of the mountains.

In a few days he took shipping, and arrived in England.

CHAPTER VI.

Draw, Benvolio;
Beat down their weapons :—Gentlemen, for shame ;
Forbear this outrage ;—Tybalt—Mercutio—
The prince expressly hath forbid this bandying
In Verona streets.

Romeo and Juliet.

WHEN Major Sarney arrived at Austin-Friars, London, he was not a little surprised to learn that Father Venzani had but a few days before disappeared in so sudden and mysterious a manner, that those persons in the city, in whom he was wont to confide, were unacquainted with his retreat. Sarney at first conjectured that some accident had befallen him in the street, no unusual way of accounting for the loss of an individual in those days ; but upon considering the circumstances more calmly, he began to give room to fears and suspicions, that the arrival of the Duke of Ormond at Court had led to the precipitate flight of the Jesuit. As Ormond was aware of the correspondence which Venzani had maintained with the heads of the

disaffected Catholic party in Ireland, it was far from being a rash surmise, that his Grace having discovered his residence, might have induced the government to send him out of the kingdom.

These fears were, in some degree, countenanced by the reserve with which the Duke of Buckingham, on whom the emissary waited next day, spoke of Ireland and the recall of Ormond. His demeanour towards his "confidential agent" was seemingly altered. His enquiries respecting the affairs of Scotland were few, formal, and unimportant, as if he wished to avoid any discussion of the recent events in which his agent had acted so conspicuous a part. Sarney remarked this change in his patron: he saw dejection and disappointment in his aspect; but even these, in the desperate and shattered condition of his fortune, he did not shrink from countering.

Buckingham, as the reader knoweth, had promised to obtain the Major's pardon from the King. But this, for reasons best known to himself, he had declined to solicit, or had failed to procure, and consequently compensation for the loss of his Irish lands was as distant and forlorn as ever. True it is, that his Grace had in part rewarded him for his Scottish embassy, and had furnished him with the means of being above

absolute want. But this did not satisfy the emissary. He still harped upon his claims, and was not fastidious in insinuating that the minister had been supinely negligent of his interests, since he had not advantaged himself of the recall of Ormond to fulfil his repeated engagements. These uncourtly innuendoes were as bitter as gall to a nobleman of so imperious a temperament as Buckingham, and might at another time have led to unpleasant consequences. But the spirit of the minister at this juncture seemed broken; and he was withal too much within the grasp of the soldier to give rein to those violences, which he was wont to hurl on all who dared to cross his purposes.

But it was not till uncouthly taunted in this manner by Sarney that his Grace admitted, that situated as parties were at Whitehall, and so long as the Duke of Ormond held the same sway over the mind of the King, and especially so long as he could influence his excellency the new Viceroy for Ireland, who was his near relative, his applications to his Majesty in his behalf, if not injurious, would at least be unavailing. In short, Buckingham did not blink the fact, but stated it roundly and bluntly, that his Grace of Ormond had thwarted all his exertions in his favour, and had unequivocally and invidiously

represented him (Sarney) as a factious, unprincipled, and dangerous intriguer against the peace of the Irish government,—as a man not only implicated in an attempt upon his life and the castle of Dublin, but daring and disaffected in his disposition, and withal one who more deservedly became an object of surveillance to the police, than merited the royal clemency and bounty.

Had Sarney not been conversant with the private feelings which the Duke of Ormond cherished regarding him, he would have been prone to consider this representation, on the part of Buckingham, as a flimsy expedient, devised to cover his own apathy in his favour. But he was apprized from other sources, not only of the dread in which Ormond still held him, but of his undiminished determination to bring him, if possible, to condign punishment; and this information was not a little confirmed by the fact, that the suspicions which the Duke entertained, and the opinions he expressed of him, were unfortunately too well founded.

This conviction rankled like a poisoned arrow in his bosom. He looked upon Ormond as the chief if not the sole obstruction to his wishes. A burning sense of resentment flashed over his heart; and he hastily concluded, that it was

owing to his Grace's obstinacy alone, that he had been for several years, and still was, a destitute alien—robbed of the rewards of his public services, and driven to crime and acts of dangerous and discreditable enterprise. No matter under what dynasty he had fought and bled, he deemed himself defrauded of his pay, and compelled to abandon a virtuous course of industry upon his estate, for the erratic life of a military adventurer; and at last pursued in the English metropolis itself, for conduct which those who had withheld his rights, and sought his destruction, had mainly contributed to produce.

With these feelings driving him almost to delirium, he paced onwards in the gloom of the evening to his lodgings in Austin-Friars. After he had courted every hazard to accomplish his object, and even seen the Duke of Ormond removed from the Irish Government, it was hard, he thought, to find his fortune so deplorable and uncertain. He was fast accumulating the post meridian years of life on his head, and yet he had played at all games of desperate chance to no purpose. Ormond was a serpent in his path. His disgrace had not diminished his influence; and so long as he lived to share the favour of the king, so long, he conceived, would his suit

be deferred, his life be insecure, and himself a beggar.

The obligations he had formerly come under rushed impetuously upon his recollection, (for the Dublin conspirators had bound themselves by oath to avenge the fate of their associates,) though none of his confederates were present to join him; and he took blame to himself for not sooner retaliating upon one who had brought his companions to the scaffold, who had shackled the religious liberty of his sect, and expelled from Ireland many of those men whose faithful adherence to the reformed faith was their primary and principal offence. An infuriated and a malignant mind rarely scrutinizes the purity or fairness of the motives by which it is impelled. He accordingly threw all after consequences into the shade, and he never for a moment permitted a reflection to stagger him, or suggest to his mind that the purpose he contemplated, would, in the opinion of the world, and by all laws sacred or profane, be denounced as criminal and atrocious. He was driven remorselessly onwards by the raging tornado of his passions. A *life* was in his estimation but a slender mortgage on his conscience and his Irish lands, and in the blackness, and madness, and

distraction of his thoughts, he determined to murder the Duke of Ormond.

After awhile he retired to rest, full of the horrid ideas which influenced and tortured him, and only unresolved as to the best and speediest mode of accomplishing his design. The night was dark and sultry, and occasionally the wind blew in gusts, and whistled forebodingly among the gothic windows of the Friars' chapel, as he tossed on his bed of thorns. Anon, the storm, that had been gathering, howled over the city; and the intermittent gleams of electric fire lighted up the lonely apartment; and as they represented the articles of furniture in a new position, leaving their florid images on the eye after the flash had gone by, he thought all about him had assumed an unearthly form. On the wainscot, opposite the bed, hung a small picture of the LAST JUDGMENT. The lightning made its tumbling tombstones visible, and the affrighted tenants of the grave, who were portrayed as escaping from under them, appeared to stare hideously upon him as they vanished with the momentary flare. He rose half awake and convulsed from the appalling visions which floated over his drowsy eye, and hurriedly examined his pistols by the coruscations of the element. The fit was soon over. He laid them

down, and attempted to smile away the silly emotions which had aroused him. He looked from the lattice undismayed at the forked gleams which played in the dense gloom of the heavens, and he listened without alarm to the loud peals of thunder which rung in the concave, and were re-echoed in the aisle of the sanctuary before him.

Once more he laid down to court repose, when a loud knock at the street door started him afresh. It was past midnight; and at so late an hour the landlady of the house hesitated to open the door. He accordingly opened his window, and thrusting out his head to recognise the intruder, loudly demanded who was there.

“ A woord on tha wing wi’ thee, an’ a stoop anon, an’t please thee;” said the ventriloquial voice of something in the shape of a man obscured in a dark gruffy top-coat.

“ Thy name and thy business, friend?” enquired Sarney, striving to recollect a voice, the grinding, discordant notes of which were familiar to him.

“ What! Ods’ marry! forgot the bark o’ tha’ Bucks Harier, Coptain?” exclaimed the other in reply.

“ Tom Hunt! for a spur-ryal?”

“ Yea, by the League, draanched like an ooter

hunting for thee, major—unlock tha' spikes—I've a click for thee best ear, or souse me."

Our hero did as he was desired, and admitted his extraordinary visitor.

Tom Hunt, better known to the Knights Templars and Alsatians of the Fleet and the West-end, by the familiarism of the " Bucks Harier," had been a non-commissioned officer in the army of the commonwealth, and was now an industrious caterer of the law, inasmuch as he earned a precarious living as a sort of deputy-executor of writs, subpoenas, and warrants—a detector of stolen goods, and a steady, proficient, and expert approver for the king. He was, *ex officio*, a confidential accessory to crime for the sake of justice, and an honest abettor to an occasional felony for the benefit of public morals. He was consequently familiar with the secrets of the justice-room and the compters, and was besides an honorary member in all the fraternities of the gentlemen of the road and the moon; and in addition to his co-partnery engagements, it was said, that he did not stickle about disencumbering simple gentlemen of their purses now and then, on his own private account, provided a tempting chance came in his way in a convenient place. It was moreover affirmed, but with what degree of truth we pretend not to know, that he

has not hesitated to abstract a lady's jewels on a masque night at St. James's, sell them on the morrow, inform against the resetter on the next day, and be the first and the last to condole with him on his mishap at the foot of the gallows. The Bucks Harier had been amazingly successful in these exploits, for among the most experienced thieftakers of Guildhall he was wont to be rallied, that although not so old as a patriarch, he had, by some favourable conjunction in his "House of Life," been permitted to survive all his early acquaintances—that he had caused more divorces than Cromwell had, and that had it not been for him, Nell Bigbung, of the Blue Boar, in Whitechapel, would not have been so unfortunate in her two husbands. Tom had nothing of the lack-a-daisical in his constitution, and loved a good joke dearly, though at his own expense, and he generally replied that he did not wantonly or profanely swagger about the services he had done his country; but that he might with safety say, that had it not been for him, the court of "Blue Blanket" might have had a longer vacation annually; that there would have been less eloquence of late at the Old Bailey; and fewer "gentlemen of companies," assayers of the king's coin, and smelters of metals behind their counters; and

that as for the gentle dowager of the Blue Boar, he had some thoughts of tendering her satisfactory compensation in his own person and hereditaments.

This man had served under Sarney in Ireland during the Protectorate, and had several times since the Restoration been employed by him in sundry of his excursionary eaves-droppings in the vicinity of the metropolis. On these occasions he had been liberally rewarded, and when an opportunity occurred to serve the Major as in this instance, he availed himself of it willingly. Tom had ascertained from some of the subordinate officers of police, that instructions had been given to watch Sarney's motions in the event of his visiting the capital, and that they, having learned his arrival and abode, had arranged to apprehend him in bed on the succeeding morning. All this was communicated to the Harier over a can of ale, in the strictest confidence; and further, that a Jesuit of the name of Venzani, against whom also a warrant was issued, had made his escape only a few hours before the arrival of the posse at Austin-Friars. This last information was imparted principally to gain Hunt's assistance in harying out the Jesuit, for which he of the police administered a temptation of an additional quart in the mean time, and

proffered a couple of *Angels* hereafter in case of success.

Sarney was not surprised at this intelligence which the Harier gave him, but he was grateful to the knave, and remunerated him with a purse of as heavy metal as his nearly exhausted treasury could spare. He accordingly resolved upon giving his pursuers the slip. He settled with the good dame of the house, who, although somewhat alarmed, was too familiar with the occurrences of the times, to be astonished at a lodger leaving his bed at such an hour, and courting safety by a precipitate retreat amid the darkness.

The night at this time was still as dark as it had been during the fury of the storm, save that the atmosphere felt lighter and cooler from the torrents of rain which had fallen and still fell. As the dawn approached, the streets became the more deserted, for the fun and frolic of the night were ceased. The theatres had dismissed, and the revelling cavaliers who had laughed, roared, and swilled to their hearts' content, had for the most part reeled home; so that the lights from the tavern windows and wine cellars, and the wandering unemployed torch-boys, began gradually to disappear, leaving the streets as solitary as they were dark, dirty, and dangerous. In short, the symptoms of the city's life and bustle had

evanished ; for, except the rumbling of some crazy vehicle over the rough pavement in the distance, the drowsy, “ all’s well ” of the watch, and the sharp shrill “ link, sir, link ” of the linker, as he crouched homewards under the projecting lintels of the shops, sheltering himself from the rain, all was gloomy and silent in the slumbering metropolis.

After the emissary and his pursuivant Tom Hunt had reached the Strand, their attention was arrested by cries of “ Help ! ” “ Watch ! ” “ Guards ! ”—to which the only intelligible response was the bawling of another voice at a greater distance—“ Kick the piebald knaves i’ the kennel,—a rapier through their lungs is too good for ’em ! ”

Presently two men were seen to issue from a narrow court, followed by four others who had their swords drawn, and who, as soon as they reached the street, assailed the fugitives, who there rallied vigorously in their own defence. The sight of such odds was enough for Sarney, who immediately drew on the side of the weaker party. His interference was evidently well-timed, for although the two gentlemen displayed the caution and science of good swordsmen, yet their antagonists seemed bent upon availing themselves of the advantage of their superior numbers. Our

hero, however, turned the fortune of the affray in favour of the weaker ; for, after one of the four had been disarmed, the remaining three made a hasty retreat towards the court whence they came.

“ Hang the cowardly rogues ! what nimble heels they’ve got ! but they laid about them lustily, though ; I pray thou art not hurt ?” said one of the strangers to the other.

“ No, thanks to the hot temper of the knaves and the toledo of this gentleman,” answered the other. “ God’s fish ! Sir Stranger, thou hast been of service to us—by what name shall we thank thee,” continued he, addressing the Major.

“ A nameless name, as things go,” replied Sarney, offering to depart, which he was prevented doing by the other holding him by the cloak, and entreating him to accept, what the Major deemed to be a purse, and which he held in his hand.

“ Keep your money, cavalier,” said Sarney ; “ I’ve fought for the king and the commonwealth for nought, and I may as lief play the bully in a street-broil for the same. Put up your money : if thou’rt a courtier, thou’lt need it all anon—if a plain honest gentleman, I know thou hast none to spare.”

“ Ha ! thou’rt pleased to taunt us poor wights,

but we must not part thus," rejoined the other, taking off his sword and chain, and throwing the latter over the shoulder of the Major.

"Be it so," said Sarney, quickly unbuckling his sword-belt, and returning the compliment in the same way; which done, he darted across the street, (for lights and rescuers were approaching in all directions,) and after perambulating divers narrow lanes, close by the river-side, then the haunts of vice and crime of every shade and degree, he at length found himself in the vicinity of Charing-Cross, still followed by the "Bucks Harier," who, like a cautious rover of the night, had only retired to a convenient shelter under a door-way, where he might witness the rencounter in security.

After they had wandered the streets in that neighbourhood till the daylight had fairly broke, they entered the well-known "Boar's-Head," at Charing-Cross, then a second-rate house of entertainment, much frequented by the commoner sort of travellers, so as often to have an influx of customers beyond its means of accommodation. They took the advantage of the arrival of a waggon from Sussex to pass as travellers, who had arrived under its convoy, and of which fact their drenched and bespattered clothes bore some evi-

dence: In the open parlour of the Boar's-Head sat four merry maltsters from Suffolk, playing at shuffle-board with as much spirit as if it had been the afternoon; and in the opposite corner three wool-staplers from Yorkshire, bousing their tankards of Whitson ale and wassel, a kind of strong beer, sharpened, sweetened, and heated, with roasted apples, sugar, and spice, a beverage of rare repute in those times,—and who, as if infected with the gambling propensities of the Suffolk men, were besides sporting their small change freely at the popular game of “three-penny gleck.” In a more retired corner of the room, less exposed to the glare of the candles and the infant light of the morning, reclined a man, wrapped in a dark-coloured Scottish tartan plaid, snoring in unison with the occasional roars and shouts of the players, and enjoying upon the hard boards that rest which an excess of lodgers had denied him elsewhere or in a better place. His head lay upon his hand, and his face was partly concealed by the plaid,—but still there was enough visible to show Sarney features with which he was familiar,—but to whom they belonged, or when and where he had seen them, he could not at the instant recollect. By and by, however, the sleeper awakened. As soon as he

had rubbed his eyes, and looked round the apartment, he fixed his attention with involuntary surprise on the Major.

“Friend,” said Sarney, reaching over to him, and addressing him in a low key, “we seem to know each other; from Scotland, I presume?”

“Fait! an’ you’ve said it, shure enough; but your *reverence* would know me better at Killyleny may be,” answered the other, in the rich accent of the Emerald.

It was Mark Brennan, who had only on the previous evening arrived from the north, and who, after detailing the proceedings which had occurred at Laneric, and the mode of his escape from its gaol, through the assistance of Bridget Halloren, was the first to communicate to the Major the fact of the recovery of the bonds, and the criminal procedure against Duplies.

At this time, the King was residing at Whitehall, and the Duke of Ormond, in his attendance upon his majesty, was in the daily habit of passing, sometimes on foot and at other times in his carriage, from the palace to Clarendon-House, opposite St. James’s, which he then occupied with his family.

On the same day on which the party met in the Boar’s-Head, Sarney communicated to his companions his plan for waylaying Ormond. Hunt

readily enough agreed to lend himself to the outrage, and Brennan was not passive in joining in any exploit which bore a resemblance to the scenes in which he had shone elsewhere. For two or three days the party strolled about the Park and the outskirts of Westminster, meeting regularly at night at the Boar's-Head. In the maturing of the scheme, the "Bucks Harier" acted as commissary, procured horses, and other indispensables, which he easily obtained by virtue of the Major's money. In the interval, Sarney had further communicated his design to an individual of the name of Parret, an old lieutenant of Harison's during the gospel times, but latterly, as he had been formerly, a poor disaffected silk-dyer of the borough of Southwark. Parret promptly embarked in the scheme on the conditions offered,—namely, a moiety of the gains which, in the shape of Irish lands or English money, should accrue to Sarney, in consequence of the opposition of Ormond to his claims upon the government being removed.

From the parlour-window of the tavern aforesaid the party marked the hour at night at which his Grace was in the habit of returning homewards along Pall-Mall. But it was observed that he was invariably attended by four, five, and sometimes six servants, who followed him at

a short distance when he walked, and kept pace with the carriage, on both sides of the way, when he rode. This was an obstacle which it required some skill and accomplishments to surmount.

But Tom Hunt treated the difficulty slightly. With one of the menials he claimed an intimate acquaintance; and, on the night fixed for accomplishing the outrage, he cajoled his friend and his fellow-lacqueys into an ale-house in the Strand, where, by the aid of some narcotics, he soon rendered them merry, and sleepy, and senseless, till long after the hour of their wonted attendance on his Grace. In the interim, Sarney and Mark Brennan were stationed in the Boar's-Head, watching the motions of Hunt, who leaving his drowsy associates to snore away the effects of quassia and coculus indicus, had posted himself in the vicinity of Whitehall, to give the signal of the approach of their intended victim. Parret and another were on horseback at the further end of the Mall, ready to appear at a particular station in the Park, as a specific signal should direct.

Although the night was but two hours old, yet it was pitchy dark; and, public as the thoroughfare was, few persons were seen abroad, notwithstanding the earliness of the evening. Pall-Mall was a place of fashionable resort during

the day; it being then only built upon the one side, forming a kind of terrace open to the Park, the trees of which in many places hung over the way, and whence all who chose to lounge away an hour might see England's monarch amusing himself among the trees and walks at his favourite game of *Paille Mal*, which consisted of striking a wooden ball with a small mallet fixed to the end of a long handle, a sort of bastard François-Scottish game, still played by the rustics of the north in the winter season, and at which healthy pastime Charles was invariably accompanied by his three handsome dogs, Dauphin, Daphne, and Hebe, which, as the ball flew along or was driven into the water, they bounced at full cry after it, making the echoes ring, scaring the water-fowl in the decoy, and appearing to take as lively an interest in the sport as their royal master,—yet Pall-Mall, or as it was orthographised then, and is at present pronounced Paille-Maille, towards evening was completely deserted. As the shades of night fell, its gay visitors vanished. No wandering link-boy, or beau or belle strolling from lack of aught else to do; or pedestrian gambler striding towards the pandemoniums of St. James's,—counting past losses and the hazards of the dice; or wondering stranger from the country, as in

modern times, viewing the west-end by gas-light, was to be seen; for, excepting the distant hum of the city striking the ear upon the breeze, or the faint roll of a caroché in the direction of Whitehall, all was silent as a hamlet in a moor at the dead of night. Robberies within the purlieus of the Park were so frequent, from the numbers of idle and disorderly persons, who durst not show themselves through the day, and whose regular profession it was to prey on their unwary and wealthier neighbours, that few persons who had anything to lose were to be seen in that part of the town after sunset.

At length the bark of the "Buck's Harier" was heard, and the duke's carriage was seen approaching at a slow pace towards Clarendon-House, with only one attendant behind. When it reached about the middle of the Mall, Parret rode up to the postillion, and commanded him to pull up his horses, at the peril of his life, presenting a pistol to his breast at the same time. At this instant Sarney opened the door of the carriage, and, with the aid of Hunt and Brennan, dragged his Grace from his seat, and by main force placed him on horseback behind Parret,—and, having bound him to the latter with a strong leathern belt and buckle, they all hurried off towards the Park, designing to carry him to Tyburn, and upon

some of the gibbets of the place, as the villains boasted, mete him the fate of poor Zachary Lackie.

The scheme was well concocted, and, in good faith, it was also very near being completed; for, although the servant and the postillion had sounded an alarm, as soon as they thought they could do so with safety, yet the party had proceeded a considerable way amongst the trees towards their destination, when the horse on which Parret rode, happening to stumble from the softness of the ground, both he and his charge were precipitated over the neck of the animal with such force as burst the belt, snapped the bandages of Ormond's hands, and so bruised Parret himself from the circumstance of the duke, who, although old, was remarkably obese for his years, falling upon him in the throw, that he had the worst of the desperate struggle which ensued between them. By this time the watch and lights were seen coming towards the spot, and the hue and cry resounded from the contiguous streets, so that Sarney and his accomplices on foot were unable to secure their prisoner without exposing themselves to the approaching rescuers. At the same time, the duke, having gained his feet, and extricated himself from the clutches of the silk-dyer, fled in the direction of

the lights,—and, although a pistol or two was discharged in the way he ran, he nevertheless reached his servants and home without being materially hurt.

A strong guard was immediately procured, and all the windings of the Park and the adjacent fields searched in vain. No trace of the perpetrators could be found. Sarney, the Harier, and the sheep-feeder of Killeny, retired to the environs of Windsor; and Parret returned to his dye-tubs in the Borough, while his journeyman, whose services he had required on the occasion, was paid his wages, and wrung his hanks, as became him, in silence.

CHAPTER VII.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
Before rude hands have touch'd it?
Have you mark'd but the fall of the snow,
Before the soil hath smutch'd it?
Have you felt the down of the beaver,
Or swan's down ever?
Or have scented the brier?
Or the nard i' the fire?
Or have tasted the bag o' the bee?
O, so white! O, so soft! O, so sweet is she!

Old Ben.

IN a few days after the events which are narrated in the last chapter, a large reward was offered for the apprehension of the persons who committed the assault upon the Duke of Ormond, or for any information that might lead to the discovery of the perpetrators of it. But what excited the curiosity of the beaux monde more, was an *on dit*, that was obtaining very extensive circulation, and which, it was said, had been traced to Whitehall itself, namely, that his Majesty, in one of his recent royal wassails, had been waylaid and attacked in the accidental absence

of his body-guards, by a band of papists, according to one edition of the *on dit*, and Dutch spies according to another,—and that his Majesty's life had been in the most imminent danger, when, what with the personal prowess of a certain noble duke and a stranger, who meanwhile was passing, the assailants were beat back till the rest of his suite came to his assistance. But what formed the raciest part of the rumour, was, that the stranger who had been so serviceable to royalty was unknown, and could not be traced, although every exertion had been made to find him out, and reward him according to his valour and loyalty.

While this court secret was on the wing through all the coteries of the west, and was even beginning to be whispered at the tables of city aldermen and denizens of the higher grade, Sarney and his associates had sought a place of safety within the shades of Old Windsor, where it would appear he had some friends.

Percy Scroop, gentleman, was one of the king's poor military knights of Windsor. Whether he had been "in the wars" we cannot learn; but certain it is that, whatever had been his claims to the royal bounty, poverty was not one of them,—for by legacies and the penurious nature of his habits, as well as by divers loans and

advances which he had made upon bonds, plate, and jewellery, and other valuables of the poor gentry and yeomen of his neighbourhood; for which, as may be guessed, he exacted fair usance and largess in return, he had amassed a fortune of many thousand pounds. Percy Scroop, by virtue of his coffers, therefore, had acquired some celebrity at Windsor and its environs; but he had acquired more from another circumstance. We are loth to say it, that, besides the poor knight being the richest individual of the place, he was a reputed papist; and, although he bade loud defiance to public scandal by his daily attendance, as was the duty of his order, at the reading of the English protestant service in the castle chapel, still the rumour passed current; and although, also, it might not be true what jaundice-eyed malice said of him, that he was a secret sentinel on the king's actions, and a correspondent of the jesuits of the Combe,—yet it was not to be denied, that he was known to several individuals, members of that learned and reverend fraternity, and to Father Venzani among the rest. For true it was that, on the last-named personage learning the intentions of the government, which he did through the poor knight, he retired to Windsor, so that at the time Sarney arrived thither he was residing in perfect secu-

city at the Quarmmere hermitage, in the Great Forest.

The Major, after he had informed his friend, the knight pauperis, of his situation from the intentions of the government respecting him, taking care at the same time to say nothing as to the attack upon the Duke of Ormond, and had made the requisite enquiries of the jesuit concerning his friend Venzani, and had ascertained his abode as above-mentioned, he very facetiously, as in duty bound, acquainted his host with the particulars of his late adventure in the Strand, and, in confirmation of his gallantry, displayed from under his cloak the superbly-enamelled sword and gold-bound scabbard, and the richly-embossed and pearl-studded handle, and the massy broad-linked silver chain, and having laid the whole of these on the table, he requested the poor knight to do him the honour to advance him fifty *angels* thereon, the more especially as he was in instant need, and as he had no particular predilection to be espied abroad so cavalierly, or rather so nobly accoutred under the particular exigencies of his case.

Never was a good protestant so near committing himself by making the sign of the cross as was Sir Percy, when he beheld the articles in question. He first twinkled his two small fiery

eyes upon the shining rapier, its silver chain, its gold clasps and rings, and even counted the pearls on the hilt, and then twinkled them upon the Major, and anon upon the tinsel tassels, and then upon the pledger, and, after standing mute for the amount of a few seconds, gazing upon all the parts and appurtenances over again, *seriatim*, he at length exclaimed, "Gad ha' mercy! 'tis the King's own toledo!"

"The King's!" muttered the Major, the recollections of the voice, bearing, and personal appearance of the strangers, in whose behalf he had interfered in the Strand, fleeting over his mind, for he had scarcely thought of the affray till now. "The King's! why then 'tis well; I won it fairly, and he who wore it gave it me freely, be he Charles Stuart or the meanest of his liege subjects."

"Ay, by'r Lady, didst thou, Major," struck in the poor knight, melting out of the state of petrification in which he had been for the last few minutes; "and I know more of the adventure than thou dream'st of, as thou shalt hear; but give me thy hand, Major—*confidence*, you know, *under the rose*, my buck," continued Sir Percy, assuming a smirking peering face of importance and impenetrable secrecy.

The emissary gave him his hand, and pro-

mised to be close; and the following facts were communicated in a desultory way by the knight pauperis:—

Of the many blue-eyed, flaxen-ringletted, cherry-checked, laughing maidens, within the liberties of Westminster, in those days, the Mistress Tracy Wilhelmina Scroop stood highest in the calendar of beauty. She was the only child of Theodore Scroop, gentleman and Proctor, who, by virtue of spiritual mandamus, license, contract, and indenture, had helped to link so many persons in the rosy bands of wedlock, in the present and former reigns, that their number could only be assayed by the amount of his fortune, which enabled him to support the splendour of a wealthy civilian, in his town residence, somewhere in the vicinage of Exeter 'Change. This learned person had breathed the atmosphere of the capital for nearly sixty years, forty of which he had been a loveless bachelor, and nearly twenty a hapless widower; for, peradventure, the reader knoweth not that Wilhelmina Christina Bucklesby Scroop, his spouse, about eighteen or nineteen years before the period of which we write, gave birth to his fair daughter, Tracy, on her death-bed.

Since that time the Proctor had wrestled with his woes, as became his religious profession,

which was that of the immaculate orthodoxy of the protestant church of England. It is true that Theodore Scroop, gentleman, had not fought for the church, to which it was his pride to belong, in the field; nor had he ever shone as an erudite and skilful polemic in defence of its doctrines; nor had he impaired his health or condition in the world by sedulously examining the respective merits of the Popish, Lutheran, or Calvinistic faiths, or whether the discipline of the English or Scottish churches was the purest. No, no; he, good gentleman, had drank his cup in silence. It was enough for him that he internally hated the pope, cursed Cromwell (after the Restoration), and cherished a deep-rooted and invincible aversion for all Fifth Monarchists, Puritans of all colours, Independents of all conditions, Anabaptists of every water, and Quakers of every cut, and all other fries and sects, who interfered with the fees of the spiritual court, of which he deemed himself an unworthy member, or whose vile innovations had a tendency to subvert the *jus divinum* of first-fruits and tithes.

The good scrivener had reared his blooming child like a rose of Sharon, with fostering care and paternal fondness. He had imparted to her personal beauty the polish and the charms of a superior education; and while nature curled her

fair locks, and dimpled her pouting chin, and scattered a glow of fresh carnation over her cheek, and touched with a deep azure sparkle her laughing eyes, half hid under lashes that a Cashmerian might well have envied, she had been carefully taught the languages of France and Italy, the graces of Euterpe and Terpsichore, and had besides been instructed in a punctilious knowledge of all the fucuses and quintessences, and other innumerable, pretty, nameless, elegancies of the toilette and the boudoir.

In short, such had been the civilian's nurturance of the fair Tracy, that when she *came out*,—that is to say, dawned upon the fashionable world, her attractions were extolled beyond measure. She actually blazed upon the metropolis, like the great comet her contemporary, not more to the dolorance of many of her sex, to whom nature had been more sparing of charms, than that flaming world was to the terror of sundry Chaldean shepherds of the period. Before she had made the tour of the theatres,—that is to say, patronised his majesty's servants of the *Red Bull*, or its more fashionable rival, the *King's House*, in Dorset-street; and umquile before she had glittered in the galaxy of my lady-mayoress's ball, or adorned the prow of his lordship's gilded gallyfoist, among feathers

and rows of pearls, or had been introduced to the masques at St. James's, or had been presented at court, she was the reigning toast every where; so that there was not a gallant who dared to appear beyond Temple-Bar, or one who felicitated himself on his rare discernment in female beauty, who over his muscatel almost nightly was not heard to pledge an overflowing potentium to Tracy Scroop, "the Ruby of the Strand."

With so many trumpets to speak her praise, it was not long before the sound of the gentle Tracy's attractions reached the King; and, in good sooth, Charles had an apt ear after such rumours, and an impelling bias to put their authenticity to the proof. The gallants of the court were accordingly soon on the *qui vive* to steal a glimpse of this new bird of paradise, and ascertain if the glowing plumage in which she was portrayed was not purely fictitious. Heavens! the Ruby of the Strand was pronounced to be a nonpareil, and the lively monarch, who professed some adeptism in such a case, became, of course, the more eager to exercise his skill at an interview incognito.

But how was this to be procured, seeing that the old Proctor had as many eyes as Argus, and attended his daughter wherever she went,—and,

although a loyalist and a high-churchman to boot, and as conscientious an abhorrer of the Protectorate as could well be, yet he would, as soon have seen Old Nol himself seated by his fire-side on a Christmas as any of the cavaliers of Whitehall making love to the fair Tracy? But at length it was discovered that the king's poor knight of Windsor was not only a relative of the family, (and the more lineal twig of the olden Scroops, too, as we believe,) but on as good terms of amity and affection with his kinsman, as a suspected papist could reasonably expect to be with so orthodox a gentleman. Away flew the royal caterers to Windsor, plied Sir Percy vigorously with canary and old malmsey, his favourite delectables, which, under the rose, he enjoyed passing well at a friend's cost at all times, and obtained the promise of his service and devoir on an early day.

The day came, when a certain nobleman, not by any means *green* in such enterprises, in the assumed character of a master of Oxford, accompanied by his reputed eldest son, a gay lord of the bed-chamber, was to be introduced to the civilian as a gentleman about to institute proceedings before the ecclesiastical courts. Of course, the time chosen for this purpose was an hour when the Proctor was most likely to be attending the courts, or employed in his professional sanctorum in Doctor's Commons, to neither of which

places was it convenient for the party to go. The Mistress Tracy did the honours of her father's mansion to the poor knight, her kinsman, and his distinguished friends, despatched a servant for her sire, and in the interim entreated them to short-cakes and elder-flower wine, an extremely fashionable morning beverage in the merry days, even to the westward of Temple Bar, which our courtiers partook of most approvingly, drinking at the same time, however, a deeper draught of the charms of their young hostess, who that forenoon, a fresh dewy one in the end of spring, looked as sweetly and freshly as if she had been the first rose of summer.

Before the old gentleman had time to appear, the strangers, on the sudden, feigning that they had an appointment, the hour of which had arrived, took their leave as preconcerted, enjoining the poor knight to wait his relative's return, and arrange an hour in the evening, when their intended suit might be deliberately discussed. But, to do Sir Percy justice, he began to suspect that his noble friends were disposed to carry their mirth and gallantry to a further length than he had stipulated for; and he, consequently, after having fixed an hour for their conference, communicated to his kinsman the fictitious errand they had come upon. The honest scrivener gaped, half with wonderment and

half with anger, at this unexpected intelligence. At length, after he had been assured that the pretended clients were gentlemen of high birth and station, who meant nothing improper or dishonourable, and were only actuated to assume the disguise that so they might satisfy themselves ocularly of the much-talked-of charms of his daughter, he assented to the frolic, judging it to be harmless, and at the same time not a little complimentary to him, the parent of so fair a blossom. He promised to preserve the incognito, treat his guests hospitably, and allow them to depart as if unconscious of their real characters.

The king's poor knight, having thus manœuvred so excellently, and played his cards *pro* and *con*, so as to please his kinsman, and lull his conscience on the one hand, and requite the canary and the old malnsey on the other, hastened to his noble friends, and acquainted them that he had made arrangements for an interview at nine o'clock, and that in respect he had commended them so highly to his relative, and, as they were strangers in the metropolis, he had entreated them to pass the evening at his house, and partake of a family supper to which he had invited them. Glorissimo! nothing better planned since the taking of Troy! thought the nobles to themselves; and they gave their assurance to observe

Percy's injunctions to the very letter, who, satisfied that all would end agreeably, instantly set out on his return to Windsor Castle.

Meanwhile the charms of Tracy Scroop, the nonpareil, were rung in fresh double chimes to the King, who resolved upon playing the merry monarch for another time in his life, and becoming one of the Proctor's guests in the evening, in the room of the young lord. On these romantic excursions, Charles rarely sought the protection or attendance of any of his household or guards; or if on any occasion such protection was deemed prudent, the party in waiting seldom came in contact with the royal movements, being generally ordered to a particular house or station in the vicinage of the scene of action, ready to be called in case of need. In conformity with this rule, on the present adventure, Blanquefort, with a small posse of this description, was ordered to be posted in a certain tavern at a short distance from the residence of the civilian.

When the hour arrived, his Grace of Bucks, and England's anointed, disguised in the attire of simple gentlemen, were seen arm in arm and unattended, pacing the yet thronged thoroughfare of the Strand, along which they jostled past many an unruly dust and drayman, elbowing members of parliament in the dark, and giving

way to waggoners and charwomen, who, according to the principles of universal suffrage, claim an immemorial right to the driest and smoothest of the *paré*. At length they reached the court, at the head of which the house of Scroop was situated, into which they entered.

The Proctor and his gentle daughter received their guests with extraordinary civility, and the former, like a courteous host, from time to time deferred the dull details of business, till they should do honour to the aldermanic banquet he had prepared for them. It amazed him not a little, however, that both of the swains should wear so much of the sear of life—that they should be so old in years, and yet so young in the art of dalliance, and the adventures of romance; and it surprised him more, when he was informed by the Ruby herself, that his client was attended by a different, and in her opinion an elder companion, to the one by whom he was accompanied in the morning.

But all this might have passed unnoticed, as our gallants were the very pink of courtesy; for while the one prated the silver syllables of Italy to the fair Tracy, the other flashed his jokes upon the risibles of the old Proctor, and kept him in an unwonted, but still most enviable state of jovialty—all would have gone on well,

we say, had not, after some time, a breathless messenger arrived at the door, who having requested an immediate interview with the Proctor, informed him that his personal attendance was required on his kinsman, the poor Knight of Windsor, who, the messenger said, had been dangerously hurt in an assault upon the street, as he was on his way homewards, and lay at a tavern in a distant part of the town. Grieved and thunderstruck certainly was the civilian at this intelligence in the first instance; but upon a slight reflection as to the lateness of the hour and the improbability of his relative being in such a place at such a time, he slowly began to suspect that if the whole story was not a popish plot, devised for his ruin as a good protestant, it was at least a base scheme intended to withdraw him from his domicile under cloud of night for sinister purposes.

But he had seen too many false certificates and surreptitious licences to be decoyed in this manner; and he accordingly, instead of hazarding his own person in any affray that might have been concocted to dislodge and then detain him, till some insult might be offered his daughter, or till, Heaven forbid! some elopement with her own consent was completed, the latter being an affair in which he knew the person most interested

was generally least consulted, he sent his servant with a message requiring the instant attendance of two students of the Temple, nephews of his own, and youths of courage and equipment, who feasted on roast beef and law during term-time, and run a sweepstakes at Newmarket, trained falcons, and followed the hounds during the rest of the year. Summoned in so peremptory a manner, they both repaired to the house of their friend, who acquainted them with the extraordinary message he had received, and the opinion he had formed respecting it. The students bent them to the tavern, and announcing that they represented their relative, were after some hesitation informed by the master of the house, that no person of the description they sought was there, and moreover that no message of the nature they mentioned had gone therefrom. The youths thus finding the suspicions of their uncle confirmed, and judging from the reserved and even embarrassed way in which the landlord had answered them, that he was a cover to the plot, and that some rudeness was planned towards their fair cousin, they secretly resolved, even in case the Proctor should dissent from the measure, to take vengeance on his guests so soon as they should leave his house.

In the repeated conferences which the civilian

had with his servants, the messenger, and the students, he was of course impelled to leave the Mistress Tracy with his guests, who meanwhile were far from deploring his absence.

“ I rate thee higher, by my troth ! Thou could’st play a light livalto, lady, if we olden gentlemen couldst persuade thee to it, I doubt not,” said Charles, taking hold of a spinnet which lay upon the couch, and presenting it to Tracy.

“ No forsooth, sir,” replied the Ruby, “ the crazy spinnet and its mistress are both tuneless.”

“ Nay, nay, my gentle maiden, thou only art coy, and the strings of the instrument want straining ; but methinks thou judgest wisely to keep thy notes for gayer gallants. In good faith, George,” continued he, addressing Buckingham, “ I find we are becoming obsolete.”

“ Ay, Sir Cousin,—cavaliers, like acts of parliament, are not the better of being old, and our sun, I fear, hath entered Capricorn—our house of life is in the winter signs,” answered Bucks.

“ But let’s try the strings of thy recreant spinnet, lady,” continued the King, giving no heed to the words of his companion, but addressing Tracy, and screwing the pegs of the instrument. After he had tuned it to his liking, he run over a light Spanish air, which he adapted to the following stanzas:—

The pearl is the purest that's found in deepest sea,
In roughest tide, in stormiest water;
And sweeter is the maiden, the lowlier she be,
Whose only lore young love hath taught her.

The violet's the bluest that grows in deepest dell,
By mazy walk, by murmuring river;
And truth it is the truest when she we love full well
The troth she plights she breaks it never.

“There, my gentle mistress,” exclaimed the royal singer, “is a strain to thee—poor as my deserts and unworthy of thine! But if my song be meritless,” he continued, “please thee blame not the spinnet, for by my troth, in thy presence my fingers are the delinquents.” Then turning and addressing Buckingham, he added “Match my rhymes if thou canst, George, I have caught inspiration here, and bid thy Muse haughty defiance—there's the instrument, and there's my glaive,” throwing his white glove upon the carpet; “I challenge thee to the lists—let the lady be our umpire.”

“And there's my gauntlet, Sir Cavalier; what is the award?” replied the Duke, seizing the spinnet.

“A kiss of our fair mistress's hand,” rejoined Charles, snatching from Tracy's pretty fingers the laurel before it was won.

“Pardon me!” exclaimed the damsel, extricating her hand, “I am no lady-errant to preside over such feats—”

“Then, let thy silent approval be our guerdon,” observed the king, as Buckingham first hummed the strain, and then commenced,

The *Ruby* is the rarest that gallants prize the most,
In court or camp, in hall or bower ;
And she we deem the fairest that's won at greatest cost,
Her love the charm, and her heart her dower.

“I claim the meed,” said the Duke, when he had finished the verse, kneeling before Tracy in the profoundest attitude of a courtier.

“And I,” exclaimed the king, about to assume a similar position, when the door opened and in stalked the Proctor, half inclined to doubt the reality of the scene which his eyes gazed upon. He was, however, silent, and the lively explanation which was afforded him by his guests, though it served to assuage part of the frown which hung upon his brow, yet it did not restore him to the unbounded good humour which he had manifested earlier in the evening.

The storm which came on, and which is noticed in the preceding chapter, delayed all the parties ; for it afforded a pretext for the king and Buckingham to trespass longer on the time of their host and daughter, and it also prevented the Templars from sooner arousing two of their fellows, whose assistance they conceived they might require.

At length the latter sallied forth amid the rain, and posted themselves in a corner of the court.

But Charles and the Duke hearing the tread of feet in the court, and various whisperings, and observing besides, that Scroop sometimes hurriedly left the room, and returned confused; they began to entertain suspicions that their host's displeasure had prompted him to some act of rashness, and that as he had invariably declined to *hear their case*, he had discovered the frolic, and was resolved to punish it. They accordingly, and with less ceremony than they intended, bade adieu to the civilian and the gentle Tracy. But they had no sooner passed the threshold of the door, than they were assailed by the students, who apparently were instigated by the old Proctor himself, whose voice it was which Sarney had heard at the commencement of the rencounter.

It appeared that their host had strictly enjoined his nephews to do his guests no hurt. To threaten them and alarm them he certainly intended; and to induce them to make good their retreat by virtue of their heels, he vociferated as we have described; but taking all things, and the metal of the Templars, into consideration, it is hard to say if these pacific restrictions had not been imposed, whether Charles, good swordsman

as he was, and Bucks, of whose prowess, it is true, certain historians speak not boastingly, but who nevertheless, we doubt not, would have fought valiantly on a retreat, might not have fared the worse, even with the assistance of the Major.

It further appeared that no commands, express or implied, had been given by the King to mislead and detain the Proctor; for that *russe* was entirely the contrivance of the young lord of the bed-chamber, who had played a part in the romaunt in the morning. He conceived that depriving the Ruby of the protection of her parent would give a zest to the adventure, and render it more congenial to the gallantry of Charles. It was fortunate, however, that no greater disaster ensued, or the good monarch might for an additional time have quoted the Spanish adage, which, although appropriate, it would be extremely uncivil in us to write—adages, like puns, being strictly interdicted in the present times.

It is unnecessary to say, that no enquiries were permitted to be made after the assailants; and it was not for some considerable time afterwards that the Proctor and his daughter were informed of the illustrious guests whom they had entertained, on which occasion a costly necklace was at the king's request delivered to the Ruby

of the Strand, who subsequently became the wife of a barrister, and next to her husband, loved to talk of the royal adventure till her last day.

It may well be supposed that Major Sarney listened to the recital of this incident with considerable pleasure. But he bosomed the discovery for another season, and enjoined the like secrecy on his informant. He saw how the feat might avail him, but the time had not yet come. The poor Knight freely advanced the Major the sum he required, and the royal rapier lay in pawn. After paying a visit to Father Venzani at the Hermitage, and imparting to him the intelligence communicated by Brennan, respecting the situation of Lesley, the discovery of the bonds, and the commitment of Multiple Duplies for trial, he departed from the precincts of Windsor.

The Jesuit caught the alarm at the state of affairs in the north, and he trembled at the thoughts of an exposure of Father Gerald and the other parties concerned. The case was indeed desperate, and every moment that elapsed precious, so that, old and infirm as he was, he determined on visiting Scotland, where he was unknown, thinking he might be able to prevent some of the evils which threatened himself and his associates.

CHAPTER VIII.

Shall we never ring again ? ne'er toss the tenor,
And roll the changes in a cup of claret ?
You shall not want ; whate'er I lay my hands on
Shall be distributed. If you see me
A day or two hence, may be we'll crack a quart yet,
And pull a bell.

The Night Walker.

ONE day towards the end of summer, and a month or two subsequent to the occurrences of the last Chapter, an individual, who, from his long cloak, cassock, and canonical girdle, was deemed a Protestant clergyman, accompanied by a fashionably-apparelled and matronly-looking female, apparently his wife, was seen to pass the barricade of London's famous Tower, and proceed in the direction of the Jewel House, receiving from each passenger as he went along those decorous salutations to which all in holy orders are entitled. The gentleman intimated to the keeper that the lady desired to see the regalia of England, and the guardian of the jewels led the way to the crown-room on purpose to exhibit them. The desire of the visitors was

speedily gratified. They gazed upon the imperial crown, its "great pearl" and "fair diamond," and its smaller gems of different dimensions and value, of varied hues, and divers degrees of distinction, with an ecstasy which became loyal subjects. They surveyed the ponderous globe of gold with very different sensations from those of Atlas, and would have felt quite light under the weight of it; and they expressed their admiration of the sceptre, and its blushing "Ballas ruby," in the most enthusiastic manner, which the honest keeper conceived to be prompted by their veneration for that of which the sceptre was the ensign. On descending the steps which led to the crown-room, and which connected it with a landing-place that led to the apartments of the keeper and his family, the lady, who showed no symptoms of indisposition on her admission, became suddenly unwell, and screaming aloud, fell into the arms of her husband, obviously in a swoon. A lady so conditioned, and that lady the wife of a clergyman, and that clergyman possibly one of family and high influence, was an object of extreme compassion in the estimation of the keeper, who, after having alarmed and procured the assistance of his wife and daughter, the only persons within the range of his voice, had the lady conveyed to

a room in his own house. After some time, and by the application of various never-failing cordials and restoratives, the patient, to the unspeakable happiness of all present, gradually recovered, and anon, but not before she had thanked the keeper and his family, departed, leaning on the arm of her husband.

When only a few days had elapsed, the same reverend gentleman re-appeared at the house of the keeper, bearing a present of a few pairs of gloves to the old man's wife and daughter, as tokens of remembrance, he said, for the kindness they had shown his lady. He was accordingly conducted to the females, delivered his tokens, and with the courteous manners of a clergyman, availed himself of the opportunity of complimenting the old couple, on the beauty and accomplishments of their only daughter, a maiden of marriageable estate, and withal meriting the praise she received. He remained some short while in conversation with the family, and condescended to say, that as his lady and himself could not forget the attention they had received he would be glad to promote their interest or that of their family by any means within the range of his influence, which he distantly hinted was pretty extensive; and taking the old pair aside, he stated, that as it was his wish to

hold the family in esteem, and as Priscilla, their daughter, was in the full bloom of her charms, he did not doubt but that he could accomplish a match betwixt a nephew of his own, a young gentleman of Cambridge, who was about entering holy orders, and who had a few unincumbered hundreds per annum, to add to the felicity of the connubial life.

Good heavens! who could push the bowl of bliss so freely proffered away with scorn! Who could resist an offer proceeding from the overflowings of a generous bosom, and that held out hopes of honour and happiness for their child, which *Towering* as their prospects were, they had never aspired to. The salt tears trickled down the veteran Edwards' cheeks (for that was the keeper's name) as he thanked the gentleman, and his dame dropped a tear and a curtsy at the same time, in token of the gratitude which overpowered her. In short, after some explanations, the reverend gentleman announced his intention of making a party on a certain day, and doing the keeper the honour to dine with him, and by this means introducing his nephew and the daughter to each other.

The appointed day at length came, and with it the gentleman and three others, his friends, fashionably apparelled, as became their rank.

The keeper and his dame, and their blooming daughter, were all impatient to receive and entertain their distinguished guests, and the last not the least anxious to catch a glimpse of him, whom parental fondness had in some measure selected as the probable arbiter of her future happiness. What a trying moment for female serenity !

It is scarcely requisite to apprise the reader that the gentleman in the cassock and canonicals was Major Sarney, and that the others were Parret, Brennan, and “ the Bucks Harier,” the last of whom, by virtue of his rosy countenance and fair complexion, the traits of which were strikingly indicative of the impudence of his calling—a quality perchance deemed indispensable in the outline and equipment of a fellow of old Cam—had been chosen to represent the intended suitor of Priscilla Edwards. Our heroes were all armed with pistols, and rapier-blades in their canes, in addition to which each of the assistants dangled his dagger in the ordinary fashion of a cavalier of King Charles’s time.

As preconcerted, the lady, the first heroine of the piece, and who, we take the liberty to hint, was none other than Nell Bigbung, of the Blue Boar, in Whitechapel, and who had consented to be of the party on this merry occasion, did not

make her appearance so punctually as was expected; so that, for the purpose of diverting the time till she should arrive, it was proposed to pay a visit to the crown-room. Sarney, Parret, and Brennan followed the keeper for this purpose, while Tom Hunt, under the pretence of waiting the arrival of his kinswoman, lingered on the landing-place before-mentioned. He was so stationed that he commanded the passage to the room and the house of the keeper at the same time, and was able to see whoever might enter or depart, or come within a short distance of either of these places.

As soon as the party reached the crown-room they adopted an extraordinary mode of testifying their respect for the ensigns of royalty, and the attention of their keeper; for while the querulous old man was expatiating on the weight, and circumference, and history of the "great pearl," and the immense value of the "fair diamond," and the extraordinary qualities of the "Ballas ruby;" and availing himself of the opportunity, *in transitu*, of denouncing the soul and bones of Old Nol, for applying, as he did, such precious relics, emblems of England's greatness, to certain vile and treasonable purposes, they suddenly interrupted his theme by throwing a cloak over his head, and tripping him, so as to make him

measure his length on the floor, not more to his own terror and dismay than in contempt of the crown, its blushing rubies, and fair diamonds. They then placed a wooden gag in his mouth, and a pair of spring pincers on his nose, and, moreover, enjoined him to be silent at the hazard of his life, presenting at the same instant a pistol to his head, giving him ocular demonstration, as it were, of their ability to carry this gentle threat into execution.

The honest keeper had for so many years been a holder-forth, and indeed the only one, *ex officio*, in the crown-room, that, in sooth, not even the menace of a pistol-bullet could control his predisposition to loquacity and unlimited utterance, and he accordingly bawled out as loud as the gag would permit, and for this contempt of inhibitions he received a foundering stroke of a mallet, which stretched him senseless on the floor. Having thus secured silence, the major, as leader of the party, lost no time in depositing the crown under his canonicals. Parret, equally expeditious, squeezed the golden globe into the dormitories of his breeches; while Mark Brennan was puffing and blowing at the hardy work of filing England's sceptre in twain, that so it might be rendered of sufficiently portable dimensions to be carried concealed through the streets.

While these important operations were progressing with due diligence, the son of the keeper, who had for some time been abroad, chanced to arrive at his father's habitation. His arrival was consequently communicated by the Harier upon the watch; so that the party, taking the alarm, and fearing a surprise, sounded an instant retreat, carrying off the crown and globe, but leaving the royal sceptre to its king only half severed by the artificer of Killeny, who left it so conditioned, as the ingenious reader may guess, with no inconsiderable reluctance; for of Master Mark Brennan we may say, what is said of his countrymen generally, that, being of an "ardent temperament," he never parted with any thing, on which he had placed his affections, but with unspeakable regret.

But the old man, though stunned and silent, was less hurt than they imagined; and no sooner were the depredators gone than, snatching away his gags, he vociferated "Murder!" and "Treason!" to the full stretch of his lungs. The son, recognising his father's voice, and hearing also a bustle on the stair, followed in pursuit, raising the hue and cry, which soon rang from pinnet to pinnet of the Tower, catching the ear of the sentinels, and making the wardens of the draw-bridges and portcullises run to their posts, as if

the yell of London's rabble had been already at their gates. Determined, however, to make good his retreat, the Major fired upon the sentinel of the first draw-bridge, and, although the ball missed him, the terrified soldier reeled with affright, and the whole party passed unmolested. They cleared the second draw-bridge and sentinel with equal dexterity, by calling upon the soldier in an authoritative tone to join in the pursuit, as if they had been the injured individuals; so that, despite musket and halbert, moat, bridge, and portcullis, the pilferers of England's regalia reached St. Catherine's gate in safety, and mounting their horses, which there tarried for them, rode off without even the salute of a single gun from the far-famed and once impregnable ramparts of William the Norman.

But our heroes did not escape, nevertheless. The rough pavement of the streets retarded the speed of their chargers, and the Major's horse becoming unmanageable, partly because he had but one hand to control it, the other being employed in protecting the golden spoil, one of the pursuers on foot overtook him. This was a person of the name of Beckman, who accidentally overheard the cries of the old man and his son, and followed the fugitives with the nimbleness of a stout young man, and was nearly shot

for his pains, the aroused sentinel of the first draw-bridge taking him for a principal, and firing upon him as he passed. This person, we say, overtook the Major, who had meanwhile dismounted, with the intention of trusting more to his own than his horse's heels; but when he found that even these were not likely to avail him, he dashed the crown into the kennel, and drew his cane-sword upon his pursuer. The affray would have been soon ended, and peradventure to the mortal hurt of the youth Beckman, had not the younger Edwards come to his aid, who, with the joint assistance of some of the by-standers, (for it was but an early hour in the afternoon,) overpowered and secured him. When Sarney found himself pinioned by the physical force of numbers, and that he had not even the use of a hand to give vent to his revenge, he gave the diadem of his liege sovereign a parting kick as it glittered in the soil of the streets, and exclaimed, "Citizens, was it not a brave attempt?—*it was for the crown!*"

Parret was soon afterwards also overtaken; and, as he offered no resistance, the luckless globe was dragged from its orbit in the honest silk-dyer's breeches. Tom Hunt was also made prisoner; and, what was more unfortunate for the Bucks Harier, he was recognised as one of

those who had been, as the chronicles of the times tell us "in the bloody business" against the Duke of Ormond. Mark Brennan made his escape.

In the desperate struggle which the Major had made for the crown and his personal liberty, great damage had been committed among the jewels. The "great pearl" and "fair diamond," and sundry other gems, had fallen off, many of which were either never found, or, if found, were never restored; but it was a customary thing for watermen at the Tower-stairs, in their idle hours, and for idlers of all sorts, for a long time after the event, to be seen busied on hands and knees, poking every chink of the pavement in the route of the plunderers, and carefully breaking every knot of mud and sand, and sifting from hand to hand the segregated dust and sweepings, in search of the lost valuables. The "great pearl" was found by a poor female who swept the draw-bridges, who carried it to the crown-room, for which she was rewarded with a pension, which, if it added to her domestic comforts, was not sufficiently ample to enable her to quit the broom, for she wielded it till her death; and a barber's apprentice, who one morning as he hastened to inflict his weekly penances upon the chin of one of the wardens, found the "fair

diamond" in a crevice of the pavement. The stripling was honest, and he promptly restored it, which act, it is said, and truly we question not, was the means of paving his way to the dignity of an alderman, and eventually to the very acme of civic honour and splendour, by his being elected London's proud lord-mayor. From this incident ariseth the toast, which was wont to be given annually from the chair of the worshipful company of hair-dressers immediately subsequent to that of the chief magistrate, namely—

The barber's boy, and the best jewel in the crown.

This unprecedented outrage produced consternation in the city; for not only were the real facts exaggerated by the lady, Fame, in the usual way, but alarming reports were circulated in all directions, that the attempt upon the regalia was but a feint of what might be expected; for by some it was attributed to the emissaries of the Dutch government, who, it was affirmed, threatened to invade and pillage the country, and who had bands of desperadoes in various parts, employed to divert the attention of the king's ministers from the real point of attack. By others the outrage was imputed to the papists, who, it was asserted, meditated an act of spoliation similar to that of the recent *great fire*.

In consequence of these portentous rumours the guards were doubled at the Tower, and at the palaces and public offices, and groups of the populace were to be seen parading the streets, both by day and night, with flags and placards, with the words, "No Popery,"—"Hang all Spies,"—"Banish all Papists," and such like, inscribed thereon; and it was by no means a rare thing to see some luckless house, its windows, doors, and furniture of all sorts, smashed to pieces,—and even the bricks and balustrades razed and scattered about, in evidence of the hatred in which the unfortunate inmates had been held by their worshippers of the rabble, who had had, in all probability, but a narrow escape for their lives. Even amongst persons of higher rank and of more intelligence Fear had intruded his grim presence,—and the circumstance of one of the party being sworn to as having been engaged in the "bloody business," gave rise to dark suspicions that the design of the band did not merely embrace acts of plunder. It was not averred that any demand had been made upon the Duke of Ormond for money or valuables,—and it was consequently inferred that his life, he being a *protestant nobleman*, was the main aim of the hired assassins who had threatened it; and, moreover, that the attempt upon the crown

jewels had been contrived to furnish "the ways and means" of carrying their other murderous projects into force.

Charles, it is well known, in imitation of some of his royal predecessors, had a strong inclination, on certain occasions, to unite the judicial with the legislative functions, and preside in courts, the duties of which, we are disposed to believe, were, by the wisdom of his fathers, confided to *abler* hands. At all events, the king played the magistrate occasionally, and besides taking part in a debate in the house of peers, was not unaccustomed to direct commitments, bind over witnesses, and wind from a burglar a confession of the felony, with all the forensic subtlety of a junior barrister at the sessions, or a portly alderman at Guildhall.

Sarney's outrage at the Tower, and on the royal insignia, furnished the good monarch with an opportunity of exercising his judicial talents for the benefit of his loving subjects; and while my lord-mayor was deep in consultation with the city's recorder and common-sergeant, as to the nature of the offence, and under what act the prisoners ought to be indicted; and while Counsellor Broadbottom was rubbing his sconce, and cogitating over the novel perplexities of the case; and while crowds of denizens thronged the ave-

nues leading to Guildhall, awaiting the examination which was expected to come on; and while even the turnkey of Newgate was, in his "mind's eye," apportioning a suitable domicile for such audacious traitors, the city's expectations were suddenly overcast by his majesty commanding the prisoners, who were in durance in the Tower, to be brought before him at his royal palace of Whitehall.

Accordingly the king, attended by the attorney-general, some members of the privy-council, and several noblemen and gentlemen, was seated in an ante-room of the palace, then allotted to such exhibitions, when Major Sarney was brought before him. The solemnity of the tribunal would have been more characteristic of an impeachment in Westminster-Hall, than a court for the examination of three comparatively obscure persons on a charge of felony. The prisoner walked towards the end of the ponderous oval table covered with red cloth, at which sat two or three clerks in gowns, with an air of composure, as if, instead of being in charge for the commission of a heinous offence, he had been approaching the royal presence to receive the honour of knighthood. He saluted the court in a manner which, it was obvious, was principally directed to the king, for he did so with a studied

attention to etiquette, and with an ease which demonstrated him to be a man qualified to sustain a part in a different drama from the present where he represented the culprit. Charles fixed upon him that broad searching look which indicated surprise at his manner, rendered more fixed and exploring from an impression that clung to the mind of his majesty, that such a face and figure he had encountered before, but where his memory furnished him with no record.

On the prisoner being desired to listen to the charge against him, and which had previously been drawn up from the evidence of various witnesses, especially from old Edwards, who, from the injury he had sustained, was unable to attend, and which went in substance to accuse him of having feloniously abstracted, purloined, and carried off from the crown-room of his majesty's Tower of London certain articles of great value, to wit, the *crown* and *globe*, being part of the ensigns of the regalia of England, and of having been an accessory in injuring the royal sceptre, being also part of the regalia aforesaid,—all which having been read, the prisoner was asked what he had to say in his defence. He replied in a firm, but calm tone, that, in the outset, he was desirous of taking the whole responsibility of the imputed act of felony upon his own

head, stating that he had planned it, hired the others to aid him in the execution, and would have been the principal gainer had it proved successful, adding with immoveable hauteur, "and my only regret is that our plan and our exertions failed."

"Bold enough, methinks!" observed the king. "But," continued his majesty, and addressing Sarney, "was it the value of our ensigns of state that alone induced you to a deed so daring?"

"My liege," answered the prisoner, "you denied me justice, and, under the blessing of Providence, I sought it by a more summary process than petition and memorial."

"What denial dost thou mean? We thought our courts were open to *all*, and that our judges held the scales justly to peer and to peasant. If it be not so, speak thy grievance," rejoined the king.

"Please you, sire, I was bred a soldier—I fought for your royal father and for yourself, (and I fought under the Protectorate too, but that boots not)—I fought, I bled, *and I was not paid*. Certain lands in Ireland were given me—the lands of Sarney, my liege, of which the late Viceroy can speak—in *part* liquidation of my arrears. But these, at your majesty's happy restoration, were taken from me. After twenty-

five years' service I was turned pennyless upon the world, to court my fortune as it might please heaven. My poverty, and the reiterated denials of his Grace the Duke of Ormond to allow me compensation, drove me into rebellion ; and these denials, confirmed more recently by your majesty, urged me to this last act of reprisal upon the same crown to which my lands were escheated. I could not stoop to rob the poor lieges, while so rich a prize, on which I had so just a claim, was within my grasp."

"By my troth ! I remember me of no such applicant.—Sarney saidst thou ?"

"So have I been called, my liege ; but I'm better designated in my memorials—Arthur Blude, of Sarney, in the county of Armagh, in the province of Ulster."

"Gods fish ! the leader of the Dublin conspirators !" exclaimed the king.

"Ay, and of doughtier deeds than that, an't please your majesty," replied the Major with the greatest possible coolness.

"Despatch a messenger for the Duke of Ormond," continued Charles, "perchance his Grace may here discover one of the desperadoes of the Maille."

"I crave no mercy from his Grace for my *leniency* on that occasion," remarked the prisoner.

“ Leniency ! thou then hadst a hand in that atrocious business ? Truly thou art a bold knave—Tyburn yawns for thee by thy own confession.”—

“ And the axe too, if all were known !”—

“ What !” exclaimed Charles, reverting to one or two emergencies on which his own life had been endangered ; “ I pray thou hast never threatened aught against ourself ?”

“ I speak not vauntingly of my treasons, my liege,” replied Sarney.

“ Nor repentantly, methinks.”

“ Not so ! Perhaps your majesty can call to mind the morning of last St. Swithin’s day, when old Dauphin, your Majesty’s favourite spaniel, brought a shot-belt and powder-horn from among the reeds at Battersea ?”

“ We do remember.”

“ The articles were mine.”

“ What then ?” interrogated the King with some earnestness.

Blude stood silent for the space of two or three seconds, and then gazing indifferently round the apartment, replied, “ I had resolved to shoot your majesty that morning, but——”

Here a shudder pervaded the court and auditors, and an involuntary burst of horror at the heedless, unaffected manner in which the prisoner

spoke of his purpose, so as to interrupt the course of his narrative. Charles, who betrayed the fewest symptoms of being moved, desired him to proceed.

——“but, as I levelled my carabine, I felt a warm glow of affection come over my heart at the sight of royalty, and I relented; my love for my king overpowered me, and though I had determined on committing murder, I found I could not commit both sacrilege and regicide!”

The King pondered for a few minutes—attentively fixed his eyes upon the prisoner—turned about to one of his lords, and after whispering for a brief while, resumed the examination.

“But what were thy *motives* for harbouring such malice against ourself?”

“My own wrongs, and the persecution of the godly.”

“Of what persuasion art thou?” further inquired his majesty.

“A Presbyterian born and bred,” answered the prisoner.

“And a raging conventiclist, we doubt not?”

“Methinks the gospel may be preached as purely, and by as loyal men, from a hill-side, as from a fringed pulpit under a painted and gilded canopy, my liege,” was the answer of Sarney.

After Charles had conferred another short

space with the Attorney-general and some of the attendant lords, who seemed to advise the king to send the prisoner to trial in the regular course, he again turned round, and addressing Blude, said, that his actions had been too criminal, and any thing he had urged in extenuation had been too frivolous to avail him, and that he must abide by the law.

“Then your majesty,” resumed the prisoner, “after you have decreed that my clemency towards your royal person at Battersea ought not to bespeak your grace, will be pleased to at least exculpate me from any consequences that may ensue in the event of my punishment being as your majesty hath predicted—capital.”

“Consequences! what meanst thou? Dar’st thou to beard us in our presence, knave?”

“I speak humbly, my liege, I am but an unit of our confederacy—the law cannot soon reach a hundred resolute men.”

“Colleagued with thee?”

“Yes, an’t please your majesty, bound by the most sacred oaths to avenge each other’s deaths, banishments, or brandings.”

“God’s wounds! thou speak’st to bravado us to thy quittance; but thou mistak’st us, prisoner; we fear not thy associates,—we trust in a stronger arm than thine or theirs.”

“ So did your royal father—so did his majesty King James on the fourth November, and would have done had he never seen the sixth. My liege, if I suffer, your majesty may yet bathe at Battersea—you may again tread the walks of the park—you may leave your palace on some occasion of state—if you do, I name not the result—I wash my hands from the crime—I bear a sacred affection for your majesty, and I have given some proofs of it.”

“ Equivocal ones at the best, I wot.”

“ Less so than your majesty is aware of. I have withheld my own arm, and turned the arm of others when my liege lord was friendless.”

“ Ha! new exploits of treason! where didst thou play the true knight? we long to hear something good of thee.”

“ I retain credentials of honest service unrequited—will your majesty permit me to produce them?” asked the prisoner.

“ Yea, aught that may shrive thee or advantage thy defence,” replied Charles.

Here the Major requested that a messenger should call aloud a witness of the name of Mark Brennan, who he said would be found in the precincts of the palace. This being done, the Killeny sheep-feeder entered the court, bearing something carefully wrapped up in the folds of

his dark plaid, and which, having disentangled, Blude knelt down and presented to the king. It was the sword and chain mentioned in the former chapter.

A flush of confusion stole over the features of the monarch. He stared with a look of astonishment, first at the rapier and next at the prisoner, as if measuring his appearance with his dim recollections of the person of the stranger whom he had encountered on the night in question; and at length, after addressing a few sentences in a low tone to the Attorney-general and some of the nobles present, he hurriedly withdrew. The law officer of the crown then intimated to the prisoner, that for the present his examination, and that of his confederates, would be adjourned, and he was accordingly taken away in the custody of the officers.

CHAPTER IX.

But gently now the small waves glide,
Like playful lambs o'er a mountain's side.
So stately her bearing, so proud her array,
The main she will traverse for ever and aye.
Many ports will exult at the gleam of her mast!
Hush! hush! thou vain dreamer! this hour is her last.
Her sails are draggled in the brine
That gladden'd late the skies,
And her pendant that kiss'd the fair moonshine
Down many a fathom lies.

Wilson.

FATHER Venzani departed for Scotland at the time mentioned; but owing to his great age, which rendered him less able to bear the fatigue incident to so long a journey, and the mode of travelling common to the period, two months had elapsed beyond the time within which Anthony Lesley calculated upon hearing from the Jesuit, in reply to the letters he had despatched to London by Mark Brennan. In this dilemma, and uncertain what assistance (if any) would be rendered him by his friends in the south, and finding his situation becoming more unsafe every day, from the hazard that the rewards offered

for his apprehension might become known in the western Highlands where he sojourned, and as the period of the trial of Duplies was approaching, it having already been delayed from one assize to another, for reasons to him unknown, he resolved on paying a visit to the English metropolis, and obtaining a personal conference with those he confided in.

When the refugee reached London, his surprise may be guessed, when, after diligent enquiry at Austin-Friars and elsewhere, he failed in obtaining any clue to the residences of Venezani, Major Sarney, or even his messenger Brennan, who, he conceived, must have arrived in the capital. The recent outrage at the Tower, it is true, was the theme of discourse every where, as it was for a long while after, and the name of Blúde was bandied about from lip to lip, without however furnishing Anthony with the most remote surmise, that the person so named, and so generally execrated, and withal said to be a fanatical puritan from Ireland, whose exhibition at Tyburn was shortly expected to render his memory as immortal as that of Guy Faukes, was his friend Major Sarney.

Thus disappointed, and unable to trace his confederates, and fearing that the secrets of their conspiracy had at last transpired in such a way

as must have induced them to flee the realm, he bethought him also of taking his passage to France, and there submitting his condition to the secret Cabinet of the De Propaganda Fide. With this intention he proceeded in the direction of Wapping, on purpose to find out some vessel in which he might procure a passage; for in those days the French and English carried on an unrestricted and a flourishing trade, on very different principles from those which have long shut the ports of these two rival powers against each other. Alas! the only traffic now-a-days is in live stock—ladies and lords, and country squires—gentlemen under a cloud—*blues* who speak French better than they do their native English—poor ensigns who can make a franc go further on the Boulevards than a half-crown in Bond-street, and green youths and maidens whose parents lack sense, which an acquisition of French manners on the part of their children will barely compensate—and such things as these we export largely, for which his most Christian Majesty is pleased to send us in return extensive consignments of gentlemen of the *académie*—*précepteurs* for our daughters—*coiffeurs* for our caps and periwigs, and, in good sooth, his Majesty often sends these very poorly provided for so long a journey.

It was an early hour in the forenoon when the

bustle of the streets was at the throngest, so that sailors of all nations, and citizens of all trades and callings, were seen jostling and broiling past each other, under the noon-tide sun, and increasing the melting tendency of his rays, by their eagerness to escape from them. As Anthony walked leisurely and somewhat despondingly along—for the sins of other years often sweep over the mind's surface like a simoom when least encouraged—he remarked a short, stout-built man, of slow walk, and thoughtful demeanour, pacing onwards in the full blaze of the sun. He was clad in a russet-coloured coat, the broad and ample skirts of which denoted it to be the handicraft of a different country—gaskins of the same cloth, embellished at the knee with capacious silver buckles—a once scarlet-breasted doublet, faded into a tawny red from the force of the sun and the weather, and a pair of spatter-dashes blackened and creased seemingly with a long term of hardy and faithful servitude. On his head was a low-crowned broad-brimmed hat, which overshadowed his face, which moreover was directed to the ground. His right arm was in a sling, and his left hand in his pocket; beside which hung a cutlass, whose indentations bespoke years and hardships, as did the appearance of its owner.

Notwithstanding the metamorphosis, Anthony considered the figure and gait of the stranger to have a strong resemblance to those of Slyphes Dordrecht of the Heiden Vrouw. Some time, however, passed before he could put his conjecture to the proof, for the man kept slouching along on the sunny side of the way, apparently so much abstracted and immersed in the contemplation of the stones over which he strode, as to set all observation of his features at defiance. It was in vain that the refugee passed and repassed him, and reconnoitred him ahead and astern—he seemed doggedly resolved to show no colours. But what tended to increase the persuasion, if not confirm it, that the stranger was in reality the schipper, was the fact, that at a short distance in his rear, that is to say within easy hail in case of need, were three sailors, somewhat shattered in their rigging, who followed the same course as the other, at the same rate, and who invariably traversed the corners, and turnings, and crossings of the streets, upon precisely the same wind and tack as the ship ahead. But the faces of these men were strange to Lesley, who at length found that he had no way of ascertaining the fact than by accosting him.

He accordingly stepped forward, and tapped him on the arm, the other turned quickly

round, grasping his rusty hanger with his left hand, and exclaiming, "Augh! Pas op land-loupen! voor waant to hebben mein gueldbeurs, augh!"

The refugee was about to apologize for having disturbed a person whom he did not know, when the other recovering from the dread of being robbed of his money, which his mind seemed to have been cogitating upon, fixed on Anthony his small grey eyes for a second or two, taking, as it were, his altitude and bearings with mathematical accuracy, and then slowly and hesitatingly withdrawing his hand from his cutlass, he ejaculated, "Ech, mien God! my goed freend, Mynheer Dlesley."

This salute and recognition were convincing. But had Anthony been left to judge by the features of Dordrecht alone, it is far from being probable that he would have been so easily satisfied of his identity. One side of his face was enveloped in the black bunting of the surgeon, covering a sabre-wound, which extended from under the left eye to the lower part of the left ear. Besides these scars without, and in addition to the several years' bleachings and bronzings which the schipper's countenance had endured since they last saw each other, his features altogether bore marks of assault from within. It

was apparent that he had been preyed upon by the carking cares of the mind, and that the dark mahogany hue which brandywijn, ginever, and the north wind and the sun-beams imparted in better days, were supplanted by a saffron tint, which perplexity and the loss of blood had inflicted.

Dordrecht had seen a variety of fortune since the reader last parted with him; but for some time he had been following briskly and diligently a profitable infraction of the revenue laws, in the matter of French brandy and vin de claret, the latter then becoming the fashionable potation of the subjects of his Britannic Majesty, to the exclusion of canary and sack of all sorts, and upon which, though the duty was light, and consequently the illicit profit trifling, yet the demand was steady, and the merchant prompt and encouraging, any where from Yarmouth Roads to the Isle of Wight.

But the jilt Fortune will oftentimes cross the path of her seemingly most favourite sons, and after allowing them a full sheet and a fair breeze for many a year and a day, will, with a single sweep of a north-wester, send master and mate, and all the riches of a summer's toil, and all the bestirring hopes of wealth and independence, to the bottom of the sea. Not so, we admit, had it

befallen Slyphes Dordrecht, for he was still a living schipper—wounded but not slain—a poorer man than he was, but not absolutely a mendicant: but, alas! alas! the Heiden Vrouw had paid old Neptune's debt, and her goodly planks and timbers, her tackling, yards, and rigging, and a portly cargo of brandy and claret, had all been gorged by the insatiable and rapacious maw of Father Ocean. Nay, not even the trusty gardevein had been permitted to escape—all, all had gone to the sharks, and the senseless shell-fish of the British Channel. How this came to pass will be narrated as it was gathered by Anthony from the schipper himself.

Slyphes had been in the habit of landing his wines and brandies on the shores of Kent, and to the everlasting honour of the king's revenue farmers, and the royal revenue cruizers of those days, he had done so for several voyages without meeting with the smallest interruption or molestation whatever. For a happy and a merry long while before this, peace had been pleased to fling her white mantle over Charles and his allies, and consequently nothing was heard but piping and dancing in the market-places; for although trade, commerce, and manufactures were in a sickly state, and loyalty was less at a discount than good living, yet good protestant mechanics

that hungered, thanked God they could go to their parish-church unmolested; and round-heads, who fasted, might go to prayers as often as they chose; for if there was no money circulating, there was also no army to recruit, or navy to man, or foe to fight, for the glory of England.

But of a sudden this happy serenity was overcast; for it pleased their High Mightinesses of the Stadhaus of Gravenhagen to offer certain insults to the English flag, or what we of St. James's deemed to be tantamount to insults, which called for redress, and deserved exemplary retaliation, should redress be refused. But as negotiation between two great powers is necessarily dilatory, it was thought expedient to make the British lion shake his mane, merely that it might strike terror into the enemy; and war was accordingly proclaimed in due form and solemnity.

To our astonishment their High Mightinesses were most provokingly cool on the occasion. As if intending to heap insult upon insult, they exhibited no symptoms of consternation at all; and it is even said, that when our announcement of hostilities was publicly known, the fluctuation in the current prices of ginever and tabak was imperceptibly slight, and that not a single pipe

more or less was smoked within the marshes of the States. A few *umphs*, and *hums*, and a stifled *augh* or so were heard to come from one or two of the *kwaadstokers* and *grootsprekers* of Gravenhagen; that is to say, from certain of the opposition members of the Stadhaus; but that grave assembly had no three or four nights' debate upon the question, a proof that they wisely retained the ammunition which would have been vainly expended in froth, to be directed in heavier metal against the British lion.

The republicans, however, were as prompt as their silence foreboded; for no sooner did the declaration of war reach their shores, than Dutch cruisers instantly put to sea, and in a few weeks the principal ports of England were in a state of blockade. A numerous fleet steered directly for the Thames, and battered, captured, and plundered all before them; so that while the timber was being felled, and the Lords of the Admiralty were issuing their commands to build, repair, and equip ships of war, with which it was their intention to annihilate the broad bottoms of the Nedderlanders on an early day, the tri-coloured flag was actually waving in the dock-yards of Chatham, and our arsenals with all their stores, as well as every floating and combustible thing, were in a blaze. Our foes were

of course much abused and condemned for this piece of insolence, and it was argued very sensibly by the English ministry, that their High Mightinesses ought to have given us fair warning of their intentions, and challenged us out to battle in an honourable manner. But what could be expected from a parcel of tobacco merchants? It of course became the ministry to speak their feelings; but as for the merchants of London, they were thankful that De Ruyter did not take it in his head to come nearer the metropolis.

This destruction of our arsenals, and the vast number of merchant vessels that fell into the hands of the Dutch, aroused the lion to a more menacing attitude. Our ships of war were hurriedly manned, and sent to the protection of the traders, and to extirpate from the high seas the swarms of privateers which preyed on all that came in their course, even at the entrances of our own rivers and havens. At this juncture Dorrecht was pursuing his regular calling; although he had been apprized that the brandy and wine trade would be liable to more hazard than heretofore, not only on account of the cruizers aforesaid, but from the greater rigour with which it was determined to protect the revenue—the expenses of the war having made

it necessary to impose heavier duties than formerly, and the farmers of these having procured additional powers of protection against the illegal trader.

Slypes was sensible of this, and had taken some Dutch precautions accordingly; that is to say, he had careened and caulked the *Heiden Vrouw*, repaired her rigging, engaged two or three additional sailors, mounted two long swivels for stern-chasers, and two six-pounders on the midships, and moreover purchased an additional stock of small arms, and loading a light-ballast cargo, he left the rest to providence and the quick-sailing of his trusty schooner.

He sailed from Dieppe with a gentle breeze in the grey haze of the morning, and before sunset made the white cliffs of England. The day had been fine, and divers vessels had he seen, but the *Heiden Vrouw* was unapproachable. She capered over the ripples like a wild seamew, laughing at the dull sails in the distance, which appeared and disappeared, and that seemed to give chase, and were anon left like midges in the horizon, in spite of all that canvass and a fair breeze could do.

In the twilight she neared the English shore, and while entering the mouth of the Thames, the searching eye of the schipper descried a sus-

picious sail bearing out to sea. Presently he remarked that she was pierced for a number of guns, and by the loftiness of her rigging seemed a sloop of war of the smallest class. Whatever she was, the schipper considered her an object which ought to be avoided, and he consequently ported his helm, and stood out to sea likewise.

The suspicious vessel perceiving this change in the course of the other, was instantly seen to crowd more sail, and direct her head as if intending to bear down upon the Heiden Vrouw, a tract she did not seem to steer in before. For this, however, Dordrecht feared not, relying on the superior qualities of his good ship. But a short observation changed his sentiments, for he had scarcely had time to open and shut his gardevein, when his first mate announced to him that the stranger actually gained upon him. The intelligence was to the old tar like a twenty-four pounder between wind and water. The *fact* he dreaded, but a moment's reflection upon the *consequences* made him speechless; so, pressing his hat somewhat firmer upon his head, and giving his broeks a tightening brace up in his ordinary way, he clambered upon deck to ascertain his situation.

By this time it was nearly dark, and as the sun went down the breeze freshened, which, from

the state of Dordrecht's yards, was materially against him; for when he began to rig out his studding-sails, he found, to his mortification, that the wind would not permit it, nor his masts bear such a pressure of canvass. All this was most unfortunate, for had the breeze continued as light as it was in the early part of the evening, the Heiden Vrouw would soon have given her pursuer the slip; but as the breeze increased, the larger vessel gained in sailing, while the other lost, for she was able to carry a proportionably greater quantity of canvass than the frail masts and spars of Dordrecht permitted him to do. But this was not the worst of it. To be captured was a dire enough misfortune in itself, and to be outsailed was a full sufficiency of disgrace; but in addition to all this, Slypes knew that the war with the States of Holland, and the successes of his countrymen, had incensed the English commanders so much, that he had cogent reasons for fearing, that in case he fell into the hands of any of the privateers or king's cruizers, his life, and that of his crew, would be in considerable jeopardy. His was a neutral bottom, it is true, but he was a Dutchman, and of course, as he dreaded, a fair subject on whom to commit reprisals, in honour of De Ruyter's bonfires at Chatham.

The schipper, seeing that he had no chance

with the other *before* the wind, lay to *upon* his wind, and steered in the direction of the Kent shore, judging that as the schooner had the advantage in point of draught of water, he might inveigle the enemy among the shallows, or at least, by dint of good tactics, keep beyond the reach of his guns.

But though the wind and the state of the tide were favourable to this manœuvre, yet the other elements were adverse. The presiding *dueltjes* of the deep appeared to have deserted him. The night was clear, for the sable clouds which Slyphes at first considered to be ministering angels come to facilitate his flight, were speedily drifted along by the gale, so that now and then the moon peeped out, lighting up the waste waters, and pointing out his tract to the enemy with the clearness of the noontide sun. The schipper's efforts consequently failed; for before he could reach the banks, the sloop gained upon him so rapidly, that he was already within range of his carronades, which he commenced firing, but without doing any material damage. Nevertheless it did not become a native of Helvoetsluys to despond, for although the Englishman's balls whistled through his rigging, yet he trusted that before morning, and by the favour of the darkness, he would be able to elude him. The

Canon in G. 1mo

worst of it was to leave the Heiden Vrouw to her fate by a flight in the long-boat.

The Goodwin Sands are so well known all the world over, or at least ought to be so, that it is hardly necessary to say that they were deemed as dangerous in the merry days as they are considered to be still, and in good truth so they might, for their position, and the depth of water upon them, was by no means well ascertained, nor were they flanked and sentinelled with so many lights and buoys as they are in our more *enlightened* times. Dordrecht was no stranger to their position, nor was he ignorant of the probable consequences of being driven upon them by an easterly gale of wind. On the present emergency the wind was in the opposite direction; but, as it was the top of high water, the honour which he did the sands, by steering the schooner right upon their northern reach, was a proof that he considered them of use, and less deserving of the anathemas which had been poured out upon them, than simple people believed. Slypes, we say, steered directly for the shallows, thinking he would lead the Englishman a goose-chase upon the Goodwins; but by and by the enemy took the alarm, put about, and, after giving the Dutchman a jolly broadside, stood out further in the offing.

After some time, a boat was seen to be launched and manned, evidently for the purpose of boarding the schooner. Meanwhile Dordrecht beat about upon the shallows, which he knew he could do in many parts with perfect safety, for two hours; and at length, when he saw the boat approaching, he made preparations for its reception, after the manner of his immortal countryman De Ruyter, for which he conjectured the party were not prepared. The swivels of the *Heiden Vrouw* and her two six-pounders were accordingly charged, and a broadside poured upon the assailants, which some of them felt to be skillfully pointed. Nevertheless the party pulled the faster towards the schooner, but such havoc had the grapeshot of the guns committed, and so desperately did Dordrecht and his crew resist every attempt to board them, that after some unavailing efforts to clamber upon deck, in which nearly the whole of the party had been less or more wounded, they at length desisted, and pulled off towards the sloop. The smugglers lost two men killed, and four severely wounded out of twelve, their aggregate strength, the six remaining, among whom was the commander himself, being also maimed or slightly hurt.

Although they had been thus successful, still they saw it was impossible to escape, for the

cruizer still hovered upon their weather beam, not daring, it is true, to follow them upon the shallows, and not deeming it prudent to man a second boarding party, but lingering like a bird of prey, ready to dart upon poor Slypes and the survivors, as soon as the reflux of the tide should force them into deeper water. None saw the perilous nature of his situation more clearly than did the forlorn Schipper himself; and none could regret more the affray that had taken place; but after what had happened, he deemed the fate of being swallowed up by the elements to be an alternative not more to be feared than what would inevitably befall him and his crew should they fall into the hands of the enemy. Dordrecht had no desire to dangle at a yard's arm, or have an English bullet winged through his os frontis on the forecastle of a king's ship; and he consequently kept holding off and on by the wind upon the shallows as long as possible. At length, as daylight began to break, the schooner struck, and her boat, which had for some time been in readiness, was hoisted overside, some portable commodities in the shape of English and French money, and other valuables, hastily stowed in it, and the crew embarked, leaving the Heiden Vrouw to the mercy of the breakers.

By dint of good fortune, and the permission of the westerly wind and a lighter swell than usual upon the Goodwins, they reached the Kent shore in safety. The silver light of the east pointed out the receding tide and the now distant breakers, but no vestige of the schooner was to be seen. A few lurches upon the hard sands had put a period to the career of the Heiden Vrouw. Dordrecht looked over the dreary expanse with a distracted air, as if he had stood over the grave of an only son. He silently surveyed the wounded remnant of his crew, who were the very pictures of grief and despair; and casting a glance on his own shattered arm, and again gazing upon the sands where his good ship but a few hours before had danced merrily in the breeze, and now was—no matter where—he drew the sleeve of his coat across his eyes, and turned him away. He anon divided among the wounded part of the money he had saved, and hurried off in the direction of London.

He had only been in the capital two days, when Anthony Leslie fell in with him in the way stated; and as he had several friends there; and an abundance of credit, he was in search of a vessel to convey him and his crew to Dieppe, whence he expected to find his way to the Voorm. These virtuous intentions on the part of the

schipper, however, were postponed by another cross incident.

Dordrecht, as was both generous and natural on his part, felt some interest in the anxiety of Lesley to discover the abode of his friends, and they agreed to accompany each other to France. After they had engaged a passage on board a brig belonging to that country, and were loitering in the vicinity of Wapping, waiting its sailing, the refugee was unexpectedly accosted by Mark Brennan, who, in a very few words, explained the transaction at the Tower and the fate of Sarney and his companions; for the sheep-feeder gave them to understand that he feared that the Major's mittimus for purgatory or a worse place was closely upon the eve of being signed. Dark as was the complexion of this intelligence, Lesley was too desirous to obtain an interview with Blude to consider the risks attending such an undertaking, and he prevailed on Dordrecht to accompany him to Whitehall for that purpose. The schipper could the less refuse the invitation, when he considered that his old friend was a prisoner in the same round-house from which he himself had been liberated through the Major's influence.

On this expedition of philanthropy, as on all others, Dordrecht was accompanied by his three

sailors, the only trio of his crew who were yet able to walk ; so that as the party had rather a formidable, if not suspicious, appearance, their application to enter even the outer gate of the palace was peremptorily refused. But they still lingered in the environs, as if disposed to renew or enforce their application, till they were descried by the officer on duty, who, making enquiry at the sentinels, and learning that they sought admission to Blude, then imprisoned, as the officer well knew, on a heinous charge, and of whom it was rumoured, that he had a band of persons of the most daring and dangerous description at his nod, and withal conceiving that two such suspicious gentlemen as Lesley and the Schipper, attended with three outlandish-looking knaves, could have no honest business in such a place, he, in obedience to his instructions, ordered a party to take them into custody. Without, therefore, giving them time to explain or remonstrate, the refugee, the schipper, and his three sailors, were marched off to the guard-house ; and as none of them gave, or chose to give, any reasonable account of themselves, for certain specious reasons, as the reader may guess, they were all, in the course of the afternoon, conveyed by a file of soldiers, amid the hisses, and to the

unspeakable diversion of their worships the populace, to his majesty's gaol of Newgate.

It is unnecessary to extend his chapter further than by stating briefly that the "notorious Arthur Blude," as he is designated, whose achievements we have taken some petty pains to throw into the lights and shades of our picture, was, after a brief confinement, liberated by the king's special mandate, and in the evolutions of royal munificence became a retainer of the court; obtained a powerful sway over certain of its favourites, the Duke of Buckingham, his early patron, among the rest; and, if the standard chronicles of the times speak not truantly, acquired so powerful an influence over the royal mind, as tended not a little to promote his own interest and that of his friends. If his majesty did not deem himself indebted to him, he at least stood in awe of him,—for, while the Duke of Ormond was prevailed upon by Charles himself to forego all investigation of the crimes laid to his charge, and which he knew he was less or more concerned in, the strings of the public purse were liberally withdrawn to serve him, and Arthur Blude, the Dublin conspirator, the rebel of Pentland-hills, the assassin elect of a king's minister, and the hero of the regalia, was rewarded with

a pension of five hundred pounds sterling per annum, which he enjoyed for life. His grace of Ormond, whose life had more than once been threatened and endangered by this person, had not only the singular mortification of seeing his outrages, his plots, and his treasons, remunerated so bountifully, but also of witnessing him tread the same court with himself, in the injudicious trappings of royal but pusillanimous favouritism,—for it was impossible not to see that the bravado threats of the soldier against the life of the monarch had been mere hollow but high-sounding inventions, contrived to alarm the king into a pardon and a benefaction.

While Blude thus rose upon the smiles of his sovereign, and enjoyed so much of the royal condescension, the poor keeper of the regalia, who had risked and in some measure lost his life in defence of his trust, (for he died soon after,) was, a few days before his death, *remunerated* with a pension of two hundred pounds, none of which, from the circumstance of his demise, he ever received, so that his family were cast destitute upon the world. As soon as Dordrecht and the Refugee were released, they departed for France, the latter deeming it the only secure asylum *for him*, till the result of Father Venzani's mission to Scotland should be ascertained.

CHAPTER X.

One that not long since was the huckram scribe,
That would run on men's errands for an asper;
So poor in practice, too, that he would have pled
A needy client's cause for a starved hen,
Or half a little loin of veal, though fly-blown;
But since he has turned rascal he has grown
Rich and *mad*.

The Spanish Curate.

WHILE Anthony Lesley was on his way southward, Venzani, as we have stated, was proceeding to Scotland by the way of York, at which place, from fatigue and the heat of the weather, he was taken unwell, and detained for several weeks. On his recovery he journeyed but slowly, at short distances, and did not reach Glasgow till some time after the period fixed upon for the trial of the attorney had gone by. He learned, from the persons of his communion with whom he resided, that on the day on which the attorney was to be brought up for trial before the Court of Justiciary, the learned Advocate Depute for the crown represented to the court, that, since the

preceding assize, he had instituted an enquiry, as directed by their lordships, regarding the imputed insanity of a prisoner of the name of Multiple Duplies, imprisoned on a charge of various acts of fraud and malversation, and that the result of the enquiry was that the prisoner was returned *non compos mentis*, and consequently not in a condition to be brought to trial. On hearing this statement on the part of the crown, the lords ordained the prisoner to be detained in the Tolbooth of Glasgow during the pleasure of the court.

This intelligence diverted altogether the schemes, and, in some measure, dissipated the fears of Father Venzani. So far as he was able to learn, no discovery of *his* connexion with the fraudulent mortgages had been elicited, and, moreover, that the whole transaction, from the manner in which Lesley had eluded his pursuers, was covered with a veil of mystery, which, unless the evidence of Duplies could be extorted in a court of justice, was not likely to be removed. But, although thus secure from the principal party, still it was not to be blinked, that, in cases where acts of malversation can only be committed by compact, the parties implicated, or most guilty, run the greatest hazard of exposure from the subsidiary functionaries to the deed. Thus

it was with the Jesuit. The lips of the writer were, in some measure, sealed,—at all events, they were so judicially; but he was given to understand that the Confidential, the now ostensible representative of the house of Duplies, of the Briggate, was equally conversant with the individuals implicated, the entire history of the bonds, and the object contemplated by putting them in force.

It, therefore, became his first concern to ascertain the precise amount of confidence which could be reposed in this person; and this, it was deemed, would be best accomplished by learning the quantum he had betrayed, which the good father thought he could do, inasmuch as his person was unknown to Wattie Moderwill, by representing himself as a private friend of the absconded Anthony Lesley, and thereby accounting for his interest in the proceedings.

Since the commencement of the afflictions of Multiple, the court of Oyer and Terminer in the Briggate had been sadly deserted; for whatever opinion the republic of Multiple's clients might entertain as to the eminent qualifications of Walter Moderwill, true it was they considered, that, when the *greater* luminary was extinguished, the light of the *lesser* one could not but be materially diminished also, and they accordingly gradually removed their various causes from their

old advocate, to the infinite prejudice of the Confidential, who had now assumed the successorship of the business, and which they did the more contumaciously and invidiously as a new attorney, in the person of one of Fefment's clerks, had begun to dawn upon the litigious citizens of St. Mungo.

Venzani, on visiting Maister Walter, and representing himself as a friend desirous of effecting some arrangement between his late employer, Duplies, and the refugee, was informed that he, (Modervill,) in the present state of his *predecessor's health*, and so long as a charge of so criminal a nature was suspended over him, of which he *conscientiously* believed him to be *guiltless*, could not undertake any measures either for the pursuers or the defenders in the actions, except in so far as respected the lands of Kalekippen, of which he spoke favourably, and provided he had a mandate from the pursuer, if dwelling within the realm, or letters of attorney, if sojourning beyond seas.

In short, so far as having acquired any satisfaction from the Confidential further than a declaration of his unwillingness to hold any converse on the subject of the bonds, the journey of the reverend father to Glasgow was a fruitless one. He had missed his main aim in missing

Lesley, and he had gleaned no information, save and except the alleged insanity of Duplies, which, in good faith, the holy father was much disposed to believe was an act of divine interposition, procured through the extreme solicitude of the saints, for the purpose of rescuing the characters of certain of the faithful from being concerned in acts which heretical prejudice would construe to their injury.

We say *alleged* insanity; for it ought to be told that, at the juncture when the writer's malady was first publicly announced, there were many persons who did not fear to affirm that Multiple was as sane and sound in his intellects as ever he had been in his life, and that the opinion of the faculty and others was founded upon false appearances, assumed by the writer to defeat the consequences of a trial before the Court of Justiciary. This, we confess, was the popular belief; and, in confirmation of it, it was averred by various persons, among whom were two or three of the Kirk Session and the Town Council, that the attorney carried on his business before all the courts as cleverly within the walls of the Tolbooth as he was wont to do in his own office.

How far these rumours might or might not be true was a matter of deep importance to the Jesuit, in so far as the attorney's sanity in-

volved a capacity of being able, if disposed, to furnish information to his hurt, or as might suit his personal interest. He accordingly endeavoured to procure an admission to the prison, that so he might satisfy his own senses as to the truth of the report.

But this it was somewhat difficult to obtain ; for, except the medical gentleman appointed by the court to attend him, and certain members of his family, no strangers had access, without a special order from the chief magistrate. The “medical gentleman” was the principal surgeon of the city, who, being on intimate terms with one of the Jesuit’s friends, was prevailed upon to introduce him in a secret manner.

It was on the afternoon of the sabbath, and during the time of divine ordinances, that Father Venzani was conducted to the Tolbooth. This hour was chosen as one during which it was not likely that any of the authorities would be near the prison, and when the Jesuit would run less risk of being noticed by stragglers or others. The principal entrance to the prison was by a long flight of steps which led from the public street, on the exterior of the building, and the outer edge of which was surmounted by a row of heavy stone balustrades. To have climbed this open stair might have attracted observation,

and consequently a more private entrance was selected. This was by a small door, immediately under the projecting platform of the staircase, which was so narrow as barely to admit one person at a time, and which, beside the strength of its oaken planks and huge metal rivets, and divers bolts and bars interiorly, was further secured on the outside by a ponderous iron chain, which, joined to a ring on one side, and intersected by a strong clamp or staple in the door itself, was further fastened by a padlock and bolt on the adjoining abutment. Of course, this approach was far from being a public one, for its use had reference chiefly to the "stane-rooms," *alias* the condemned cells, to which also there was a communication from the passage above by a narrow stone stair, which also opened to the public platform where all the "sist proceedings" of the High Court of Justiciary were carried into execution in the view of the lieges.

As preconcerted, and to prevent the clang of links and bolts at such a silent period of the day, the heavy rusty chain aforesaid was removed, and the turnkey within was in readiness to open the door on the signal of a gentle tap with the knuckles. These formalities having been gone through and this dingy barricade fairly passed,

the surgeon and his companion groped their way through a dark passage, and, after climbing the narrow stair before mentioned, they reached the apartment of the attorney. The place was but a few feet square, and was lighted by a low window doubly stanchioned, and through the interstices of which the rays of the setting sun threw a florid light, by help of which a man was discovered sitting at a table placed athwart the window, so that the stream of light fell on his features. Before him on the table were piled various bundles of parchment and law-papers. He was dressed in an old black coat, of the fashion of a former reign, and black tawdry waistcoat, over which the ends of his cravat hung in a loose and careless manner. His elbows leant upon the table, and his hands clenched together formed a rest for his head, which was bent downwards and towards an open folio of manuscript, in the perusal of which, and despite the intrusion of the visitors, he seemed earnestly engaged. His locks, rendered whiter with the powder he was still in the habit of using, peeped out from under a red striped woollen night-cap; and it was observed that a pen, as had been his manner during his life, was stuck behind his right ear.

On the Doctor announcing that he had come

to enquire after his health, the prisoner started somewhat frantically from the three-legged stool on which he sat, and, without giving heed to the salutation, or even turning his eyes upon the person who had addressed him, he seized a small slip of paper which lay at hand, and vociferated aloud, as if with the articulation of a court crier, “ Ramsay against Lesley—the assigns of Lamont, of Calcroich, against Kennedy, baronet, and others.” He then tossed the paper upon the table, resumed his seat, drew up his feet upon the cross-bar of the stool, and placing his hands upon his knees, looked vacantly and silently upon his visitors.

It was too apparent that the illness of the wretched man was no mock complaint, invented to elude the penalties of the law. It was visible that detected guilt, and the dread and shame of being ensnared in the meshes which his unprincipled love of gain had induced him to contrive for others—the odium in which he had involved his family, and the infamy which would be branded on his own forehead so long as he lived, had upset the balance of his reason, and bewildered his already declining mental faculties. His countenance, formerly deeply lined and indented, and of a sallow tint, was now changed into a repulsive chocolate colour, the muscles of which, from the

excitability and derangement of the nerves, moved in sudden contortions, imparting an expression on which it was painful to look, and over which, at intervals, was suffused a purple flush, succeeded by an ashy paleness, which bespoke the ebullitions and the violence of his malady. The obliquity of his vision also helped to increase the wild glare of his countenance, as he moved his eyes from one object to another.

On the gentleman repeating his enquiries, the patient muttered a few unintelligible words to himself, and, after another pause, again started from his seat, and, bowing politely to his visiter, run on as follows:—"Weel, sir, what's your business wi' me? Oo, ay, I see,—ye'r come about the aught shilling an' fourpenny lan' o' auld extent o' Mairns-craft; oo, ay, it's a bonny weel-watered spat that, as ony in the shire o' Baronthrow, three hu'ner and fyty Scots acres or thereby, nae less than aught and thirty o't arable, about a hu'ner guid meadow as ony in the coonty, and the rest being excellent moss, the Mairns-craft moss ye ken. Guid preserve us! the owning o' sic a place would gae ane a name far and wide: oo, ay,—the tiends are light enough, twae bolls o' aits, and twal stimperts o' barley, and the richt o' shooting on the muirs o' the superior, wha is the yearl o' Eglington; the feu is but

nominal ye see, a barley-corn per acre, o' whilk the doobling the same at fresh entries may be counted as amounting to naething."——

Desirous to interrupt this recital, the other endeavoured to convince him that he had come to know the state of his health, and whether the extreme head-ache which he had complaine of on the day before, had been in any degree removed.

“ Pains—pains,” replied the poor man, after another momentary lapse; “ oo, ay, fleeing through here like a pack o' hounds; but it's a' wi' that —— case o' Tennant against Anderson: ye see, auld Tennant, the bailie o' the Gorbals whilk was, and the present laird o' Langsoorocks, granted ane nineteen years' tack o' the Langsoorocks lint-mill, on the Shaw's Water, to Walter Anderson, at the yearly rental o' forty-twa pund Scots, covenanting and binding himsel' to keep the dam, and the sluice, and the heckles, and a' the pairts and pertinents o' the said mill, in a workingable state o' repair, whilk he did, till hairst was four years, whan a deevil o' a spait cam down, and carried awa' the sluice and pairt o' the dam-dike, and the meikle wheel itsel', an' left naething standing but the scutchers, and the rowing-pins, and the heckles, and some o' the former year's tow, whilk was by guid chance in the

laft; and sae the Laird, alleging that the spait being the special work o' Providence, outpoured for reasons best kenn'd to *Him*, o' whilk he considered the tacksman ought to bear pairt o' the damage as weel's himsel', refused to repair the mill, and at the same time demanded payment o' the rent. Guid keep us! was ever sic ane unconscionable plea menteen'd in the Outer House! But sae it is, ye see; I'm the augent for Walter Anderson, and the case hath gotten sundry hearings before the lords, but that thrawn-necked fule, Harry Henburn, aye keeps his teeth to the bit ——"

The prisoner, whose estranged intellects seemed to revel with tenacious delight upon the practices of his past life, had again to be interrupted, which the surgeon did by asking, in a more emphatic tone, if he had taken the draught which he had sent in the morning.

"Draught!" exclaimed Multiple, "the case is perfetely hopeless, Maister Measles; I've applied for ane interdict, whilk will be granted, doubtless,—but it'll no stan', tak my word on't; an', as to the suspension in the case o' Tuphorns against M'Drowthy, o' the Salt-market, the court have repelled the plea o' incompetency in the inferior court, an' found the appellant liable in a' expenses; there you see, there! ——"

In short, it was in vain to address any conversation to the unhappy man, which did not the more lead him to those professional reveries, on which he seemed constantly to muse. It was, indeed, obvious that his malady was almost beyond the power of medicine. It was with great difficulty that he could be prevailed on to take a prescription which the surgeon had brought with him; after which the party left the Tolbooth. But as they descended the steps of the narrow stair they could still distinguish his voice in the same strain as when they were present, and the following words:—"Batterstanè against M'Learie; allows the defender proof of the allegations set forth in his answers before next court-day and remits,—finds the sum under the head of arrears to be justly due, and discerns the same to be lodged in court, and ordains ——"

Satisfied that he had learned the best and worst of Multiple Duplies, and done the most for his cause that circumstances would permit, Father Venzani soon afterwards retraced his steps to London, and from thence to St. Omer's. But, although the mental alienation of the Writer was indisputable, there were persons scandalous enough to insinuate, even after his death, which took place shortly after the visit of the Jesuit, that as he was much alive as they the speakers, and

that he was frequently to be seen late at night or in the dawn of the morning dodging along the Trongate in his usual fashion, and that the report of his death, and his pretended burial, were neither more nor less than tricks played off to deceive honest people, and cloak the government from the charge of favouring his escape from the Tolbooth. Indeed, it was a matter of universal belief that "Mooty" went as regularly to the club at the Westport after his death as he did before his imputed madness, and the positive manner in which the members of the club denied the fact was considered, in some degree, to be proof of it.

We have now nearly done with our affairs in Scotland, save that it is necessary to state that, about the same period, the nuptials of the Mistress Elizabeth Kennedy and Patrick Ramsay were celebrated at Culzean, to the unutterable happiness of the old gentleman, the relatives on both sides, and all concerned; and that, in commemoration of the event, Deacon Cordivan gave his workmen and apprentices a reaming tankard a piece in the hostelry of the "Mutchkin Stoup," and that Jenny Heeslop was as loud and jovial as the youngest of them, in toasting the healths of the young Laird and Lady, and the heir in expectancy of the united houses of Kennedy and Ramsay,

of whom the Deacon smirkingly hinted that he hoped soon to have the booting and shoeing, and of a long list of brothers and sisters beside. Bailie Mucklegirr and his coopers were also neither idle nor dry on the occasion,—for, besides having a bonfire at the Brig-end, and a tar-barrel on the broad ledge of the key-stone, where he of the cordiners saw the fiery gallows, they had many a merry round of caups and bickers to the tune of long life, health, and happiness, to the advocate and his lady, and all the scions *in perpetuum* of Coilfield and Culzean.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

Away, my idle fears!
Yonder she is, the lustre of whose eye
Can blot away the sad remembrance
Of all these things.

The Maid's Tragedy.

SHORTLY after the return of Lord Macdonnell to Ireland, Sir Ludowic Kennedy also departed for that kingdom. He had seen the child of his noble friend restored to his arms, and while he had in some measure contributed to crush a rebellion which carried no small degree of consternation to the court of St. James's itself, he had also witnessed the fatal end of one, and the afflicting situation of another, of his secret, and as he justly supposed, hired enemies, under circumstances painfully indicative of overwhelming guilt and retributive justice. Having so settled his affairs, and seen his agents in possession of the fraudulent bonds by which his patrimonial estate had been threatened, and been present at the union of Patrick Ramsay and his fair relative, he once more crossed the Irish sea, and soon arrived in Dublin.

The correspondence of the Baronet with the Lady Mary had been frequent; so that she had become acquainted with the principal incidents which had engaged his attention, and detained him to a much longer period than he had contemplated. During the interval, and since the arrival of the new Viceroy, the regiment to which he belonged had been withdrawn from Aviemar, and was now quartered in Dublin. Consequently he had many opportunities of visiting at Lord Macdonnell's, where the Lady Mary still continued to reside, and of pressing upon her the undiminished ardour of his attachment, and the removal of those obstacles which formerly seemed to obscure and blight their hopes. The Lady Mary had little to replicate to these solicitations, for besides the force of her affections, she owed him a debt of gratitude, which the sensibility of a generous heart told her she could never adequately repay; but she urged a further postponement till her brother's misfortunes should be still farther alleviated, and the veil of mystery which, in spite of every exertion at home and abroad, continued to envelope the fate of his eldest child, and conceal the primary promoters of the abduction, should be penetrated or removed. She also pressed the justice of making greater efforts to punish or remove from the kingdom her kinsman O'Gorman,

whom she said she still stood in fear of, and who so long as he was permitted to set the laws at defiance, would ever be a snare to her peace of mind, and the personal safety of Sir Ludowic.

As for the gallant Felix himself, we have already stated, that he lived without the pale of the king's jurisdiction. In the exercise of the prerogatives of a gentleman of Connaught, he laughed all writs, and processes-criminal, and king's constables to scorn; for the very rumour of a warrant or an officer of Banco Regis, with his assistants, no matter how numerous, having passed the borders of Leinster, roused the kingdom of Connaught to open arms. An invasion of the Dutch would have been less dreaded; a coshering by the chief of the O'Sullivan's would not have excited so much alarm by many degrees; nay, not even an irruption by Cromwell, driving the anointed before him, and levelling the holy shrines to the earth, would have been considered so sacrilegious or unpardonable an inroad upon the rights of the province. Such an insult was not to be endured, and while O'Gorman lived in security, the serfs of Rathmines, and the peasantry for miles in all directions, were on the alert, by night and by day, to give such invaders a reception corresponding to the immemorial usages of the west.

However desirable it might be to procure the apprehension of O'Gorman, the attempt was certain to be fruitless. But at this juncture Sir Pettigrew Malverne, finding that his years went on apace, and his veteran hairs whitened as his strength weakened; and considering that, in a little while, in the course of nature, he must be gathered unto his fathers, was desirous of seeing his nephew united to his choice, and the fair demesne of Tullybogue in a hopeful way of descent to a long line of Kennedies of Mount Kennedy. He that had striven to promote their affiance when the stars were unpropitious, had surely some claim to be heard when their conjunctions and evolutions had become more favourable; and as the scruples of Lord Macdonnell, the legal guardian of the lady, were passive; and as the Lady Mary's fears were more formal than real; and as Father O'Leary threw his influence into the scale, the happy day was at length fixed, and in the face of the Protestant church (we say nothing about the private rites of the *old one*, considering the penalties,)—Sir Luodowic called the Lady Mary his bride. The double ties of the church were, however, not stronger than those of reciprocal love; for never did a pair in any sphere of society intral themselves in the rosy bandage with a more conscious

belief, that where love lights the flame which burns upon the marriage shrine, and that where the sympathies of each are pure as the good man's blessing, the fetters must be unfelt, and the duties and obligations which bind them, in themselves be sources of happiness. It is not for us to say whether they found them to be so.

This union put an end to the secret aspirations and machinations of the lady's kinsfolk. They offered no obstruction to their conjugal felicity. Lord Macdonnell, as we before mentioned, had given his sister a private fortune becoming her rank, and Sir Pettigrew dying soon after, the baronet retired from the army, and resided for many years at Tullybogue Castle, occasionally visiting his Scottish estate with his lady. Father O'Leary, who had contributed not a little to promote their union, was rewarded with an annual largess, in remuneration of his services and his prayers, and such was the good father's frugality, that he was enabled at his death to give and bequeath to the good monks of St. Thomas' Priory a considerable sum to be applied to the uses of their chapel, and the keeping the same in repair in all time coming. But the pious monks soon found more pressing uses for their money, for as heresy spread its

roots, and the Catholic gentry became fewer and poorer from the troubles of the times, they were necessitated to exchange for corn what should have kept out the storms of winter from the rents and chinks of the chapel, so that their funds decreased, and the influences of their holy masses diminished also, till at length the shrine of St. Thomas became deserted, the chapel went to ruins, the sacring bell ceased to chime, and the sainted spring of St. Erasmus was only pointed out by the peasantry amid the crumbling ruins which choked it up.

For several years after the marriage of his sister, Lord Macdonnell lived in the hopes of seeing his other daughter. His lady had had no relapse from her malady, although an attempt had been made to produce a change, by introducing to her her child in a calm interval; but it was unproductive of any advantage. She took no notice of the circumstance; and continued in the same listless and melancholy state as before. His lordship spent much of his time in improving the old demesne of Baldunaven, in repairing the castle, and in occasionally residing in it during the months of summer. The Lady Louisa grew up in years and in beauty, and her preceptors had long ago divested her of the homelier accent, and the ruder manners of Alice O'Brian and the

gipsies, so as to impart to her the statelier bearing of a baron's daughter.

So crept on the time—the Baron of Baldu-naven, grateful to Providence for what he enjoyed, but still wearing upon his marble brow the grief and melancholy of earlier days. Often the o'erfraught heart would plunge into the labyrinths of destiny, and a sigh for his first-born would tell that a father's love and a father's fondness were sympathies which never become estranged. But he waited tranquilly and patiently the revolutions of time, and allowed not the sorrows that preyed upon his mind to steal a tear from his beloved daughter, or disturb the serenity of any bosom but his own.

Many years, we say, had come and gone, and the Lady Louisa was in her nineteenth summer, in the spring time of maiden loveliness, and still no trace had been obtained of her sister. One November evening, she and her noble father sat in the drawing-room of his lordship's house in Dublin, when a servant announced that a gentleman desired to speak with him on pressing business. The Baron was usually prompt in receiving the few persons who were in the habit of waiting on him, but it was the gloom of the afternoon, the name that of a stranger and a foreigner, whom, if he had known formerly, he had now

forgotten ; and he consequently paced across the room several times, as if hesitating as to whether he ought or ought not to give him an audience. At length, judging it might be a messenger from France, connected with some of the parties with whom he corresponded, he told the servant to conduct the stranger to the ante-room.

There was enough of light to see the outline of the person who entered, but barely enough to observe his features distinctly. He was a tall, spare man, seemingly silvered with years, and clad in a mourning suit, over which was flung a cloak, so fastened under his chin as to obscure part of his face. On saluting Lord Macdonnell, he remarked, that though attired in a stranger's garb he was nevertheless an early fellow-student of his lordship's, and owed him a debt which he had come to repay ; " For," added he, " I am waxing old, and tired of the world, and anxious to square accounts with all men in it before I leave it."

" Debt !" muttered his lordship, " I can neither call to mind your name, nor aught that—"

" Perchance not," interrupted the other, " but there is a time when man is bound to leave his wrongs to the will of Heaven. I have borne some part in teaching your lordship humility, and now I come to render up my charge—"

" Charge !—"

“Yes, and be absolved before I be *in extremis*.”

“Good Heaven!” exclaimed his lordship, “hast thou aught to communicate from my brother, or—”

“Please you be calm,” again interposed the stranger, as he observed his agitated state; “I have a proposition to make concerning one *more* dear to you, but it must be considered gravely, and as a matter in which *others* are interested beside yourself.”

“Speak your pleasure, sir,” answered his lordship.

“Baron of Baldunaven,” continued the stranger, “I perceive the excitability of your feelings, and consequently the unfitness of the present occasion for parley—I am come from France to restore to you the heiress of the Macdonnells; and, proud I am to say it, a young novice of the Catholic Church, but not on that account, I trust, the less dear to you,—*on condition* that you pass your sacred honour to absolve all the persons concerned in the abduction, whom I shall name, or on whose behalf I shall claim it; and *on condition*, that no outrage be committed on the faith in which she has been reared.”

“Give me but my child, and I swear to obey as you direct,” exclaimed the half-frantic nobleman.

The stranger hastily withdrew, and proceeding

to a carriage that stood at the door, handed out a slender female, rather above the ordinary height, whom he led to the ante-room, and presenting her to his lordship, observed, “*Brother, this is the heiress of Baldunaven!*”

At this moment lights were brought in, and as the female was withdrawing her veil, the distracted nobleman, whose long-harassed mind, enfeebled by years of suffering, was unable to support this new trial, fell back upon the chair by the side of which he stood. But, after a short pause—an interval of intense anxiety to all the parties—he gradually recovered; and, taking hold of the lady’s hand, and gazing earnestly on her features, which were heightened to a crimson flush by the agitation of the moment, he exclaimed in the accents of parental fondness, “*Emily Tyrconnel!*” and clasped her to his bosom.

It was some minutes before a word could be exchanged, for although the Lady Louisa had entered the apartment, the strangeness of the scene, and the apparent distress of her father, rendered her as speechless as the others. Meanwhile the young female—the restored heiress of the Macdonnells, was equally overcome as her parent, and had to be supported by him whom, till now, she had only deemed her father-con-

fessor and a more distant relative. As his lordship became more collected, he again gazed upon the handsome features of his daughter, which had so irresistibly recalled the name of one who once had the same form and face; but, alas! recalling with the thought hours and years of sorrow and affliction; and at length, when his eye met that of Father Gerald, he burst into a flood of tears, ejaculating as he sunk back upon the chair, "O! brother, how could you do this!"

"Baron of Baldunaven," replied the other, in a calm but firm voice, "I asked the same question of you full twenty years ago. You then, brother, were neither an alien nor a pauper, as I have been for that long period on your account. You robbed me of my honours, and of the proud castle and lordly demesne of my ancestors—I deprived you of your child, to teach you, that though heaven's thunder sleeps, there are a thousand other ways by which retributive justice will speak its terrors to the human breast. But I have come not to swell the measure of your sorrows. You have worn my coronet, while I have kept a brighter gem of thine, and God is my witness, I have tended her with the care and the love of a parent. But remember, Lord Louis, though she be heiress of thy honours and estates, she is a vestal of *that* church from which her father in

evil hour apostatized ; and I warn thee, offer no restraint to the free exercise of her faith. She is thy daughter, and a daughter of religion—as thou wouldest not have the one parent wronged, wrong not the other. If she seeks to return to the shrine whence I have taken her, offer no obstruction to her inclinations—if she seeks an asylum in this her native country, aid her good intentions—but should she become enamoured of the world, let it be so, but hazard not the peace of her soul—come not between her and the pure rites of her religion. I confide her to your care with these injunctions—and though I return to a foreign land, to lay my bones beside the altar where I have knelt—yet, if you fear an injured brother's malediction at his dying hour, give good heed to my requests.”

Having thus expressed himself, he embraced the Lady Emily, and was about to depart, when Lord Macdonnell, whose commotion was not at all diminished as the last few bitter words were rung in his ear, started up, and holding him by the cloak, demanded who were the parties for whom he sought acquittance.

“ For all concerned,” replied Father Gerald ;
“ names now are unavailing—some of them are dead—I am the surviving partner of the league—the inferiors are beneath your regard.”

“ I am content,” continued Lord Macdonnell ; “ but,” added he, “ permit me to pay over to you the provision, and its accumulated interest, which it was my desire to settle at the date of our differences.”

This Father Gerald declined, and having once more taken leave of his charge, and commended her to the attention of the Lady Louisa, whom he also embraced, and who was not an unconcerned spectator of the scene, he bade adieu to his brother, in a way as if anxious to escape from his feelings, and pronouncing the benediction of his order, hurriedly withdrew. The carriage was ready to receive him, into which he sprung, and was driven off in the direction of the centre of the city.

Thus nearly endeth our tale. Lord Macdonnell never saw his brother again. He died at St. Omers. The noble Baron and his daughters lived happily together for some time ; but the mind of the novice, though sensitive and affectionate both towards her father and sister, still lingered after the life of a recluse, which she could be said only to have incidentally abandoned, and to the sorrow of her parent, eventually became a sister, by finally accepting the veil at the Ursuline convent of Drumcondra. Perhaps the absence of a mother's more winning influence

may have in some degree rendered her situation less happy, or, as was more probable, the education she had received had imprinted the dull monotonous charms of a religious life too strongly and deeply to be withstood.

Lord and Lady Macdonnell died at a premature age. A few months before her ladyship's death, her long aberrant reason found a resting place; and she yielded up her soul to her Creator in the full exercise of her faculties, and in the profession of the Protestant faith, in which she had carefully been educated. She enjoyed, during this tranquil calm before her dissolution, the unceasing attention of the Lady Louisa, and the almost daily visits of her eldest daughter, who, however, never was permitted to wait upon her mother without being accompanied by the head of her order—the lady canoness. This adherence of her daughter to the Church of Rome appeared considerably to affect Lady Macdonnell, though it did not restrain the impulses of motherly affection. The Baron survived his lady little more than a year, and died in the bosom of the Catholic church. His faculties, worn out by long affliction, made him an easy victim to those early prepossessions, which in the noon-tide of his mind's strength he had cast aside. The barony of Baldunaven

consequently descended to his daughters, and the title became extinct. With it also fell the sainted pantofle, and the wolf-dog saliant; for the legends of Connaught tell, how that on the day on which the intelligence of the heretic lord's death reached the castle, a thunder storm the preceding night had greatly injured the turrets, rent the Harper's-Tower from top to bottom, levelled many of the fine old oak-trees to the earth, and hurled the "portal arch" to the ground, thereby verifying the holy rhymes which we have elsewhere quoted:

While the Wolf-dog sits on the portal arch,
And the sacring bell in the chapel chimes,
While the ladye drinks from St. 'Rasmus' spring,
This house shall be in after times.

When a ladye fair is childless left,
To look from the castle wall,
And a recreant knight is a lawful lord,
This noble house shall fall.

The Lady Louisa, although the youngest, died first, and unmarried; and on the demise of the religieux, the estates fell to the only son and child of Sir Ludowic and Lady Kennedy; but to whom in succession the curious reader may learn by making "the requisite inquiries," as learned barrister would say, "in the proper place."

But it behoves us to state that several years before the date of these events, and even

before the restoration of the Lady Emily, Bridget Halloren, who, since the escape of Mark Brennan from the Tolbooth of Laneric, had resided at the cliff, partaking liberally of the bounty of the family at the castle, paid a formal visit to Sir Ludowic; and the nature of her business was as follows.

She stated that at the time she appeared in Scotland, in conformity with information she had obtained, it was to furnish him, Sir Ludowic, with the fact of the residence of Alice O'Brian and her charge in that kingdom; and that she had only been prevented from being the instrument of restoring the young heiress of Baldu-naven to the arms of her father, from the unexpected flight of the nurse as before recited. This information she pointedly stated she received from Mark Brennan, and that it was partly to gain the interest of a person whom she knew (Major Sarney, to wit) in London, to effect the restoration of the eldest daughter also, that she had sent Mark to that capital. Mark it is true had failed in the object of his mission, but it was affirmed that the representations of this unknown friend (Sarney) would ultimately procure the return of the heiress. Brennan had lived for a length of time partly on the bounty of the Major; but it appeared he became desirous of returning

to Ireland, to lead, as good Bridget expressed it, a *better* life for the remainder of his days. From carrying this resolution into force he was prevented, by the fear of being punished for his former misdeeds, or on being discovered by the Baronet, being transported to Scotland, to run the gauntlet before the High Court of Justiciary. Bridget expressed herself desirous of promoting his return, and solicited the interest of Sir Ludowic for that purpose.

“But surely you have forgot, my good Bridget,” said the Baronet, “that this Brennan is the person who on various occasions has threatened my own life! But this I might pardon,” continued Sir Ludowic, “for it is possible he was the mere hireling of others, and only acted as instructed; but he also was one of the wretches who fired upon, and most wantonly assassinated, the poor servant at Coolmaddy-chase—murder, Bridget, is unpardonable by all laws human and divine!”

“Poor servant, yer honour!” exclaimed the Dwarf, tossing her head with an air of surprise; “poor servant, did ye say? Barry Loonerhan was the worst of them, and met the fate he deserved, begging yer honour’s pardon!”

“How so, Mistress Halloren?”

“The Loonerhans are no to be trusted—the

Loonerhans o' de baronny of Coolmaddy I mane," replied the old woman; "for de same Barry that yer honour speaks o' wiled himself into 'Squire Reynolds' service just to serve his own black ends; for he it was that promised to open the hall-door that same night, and let de boys into the house, and when dey heard dat it was *he* dat was shot, they guessed that he had come to the window to tell O'Brian and the rest that the ould gentlemen slept below, an' could be *come at* through de lattice. He got what he desarved, the villain; an' had Mark Brennan done de deed I'd have forgi'en him for't."

The Baronet pondered upon this strange communication for a few seconds, and at length observed that nothing would give him more pleasure than exerting such influence as he possessed to do her a service, or procure aught that might conduce to her happiness, remarking that, for herself, she needed not to toil or fear for the future, as she well knew that he had again and again proffered her the means of a comfortable subsistence, which she had invariably refused; but still, as she had sought his interest in behalf of a third person, (the last person in the world in whom he would have suspected she would have taken an interest,) she might command it on one condition.

“And what may dat be, yer honour?” enquired the Dwarf.

“That you communicate to me frankly the reasons by which you are impelled to make such a request in favour of Brennan. Is he a relation of thine?”

“No more dan me only child’s only son, yer honour.”

We need not pursue the colloquy farther. It was Bridget’s daughter, it appeared, who had married the elder Brennan, of Killeny. The Dwarf, at that time, occupied the same farm which *he* (Brennan) possessed at the commencement of our narrative. Her only daughter had been born in England, and educated a protestant, her father being of that faith. Brennan, now the elder, was at that period a young man who lived in the vicinage, and was reputed to be possessed of some property. He paid his addresses to the maiden Halloren, and their union was subsequently consummated. But, by the penal laws of the kingdom relative to intermarriages, a catholic was prohibited from wedding a protestant. The religion of the bride, therefore, had to be misrepresented and concealed: she acknowledged herself to be a Roman Catholic, and was married as such. The marriage, as might have been anticipated, was far from being

a happy or even a prudent one,—and the poor girl, who had brought her husband a considerable dower for her rank in life, and nearly the *all* of her widowed mother—from the restraints which were imposed upon her religious prepossessions, led but an indifferent life, and received rather harsh treatment from her husband. It appeared that Brennan conceived himself to be too much at the mercy of his wife,—and, consequently, the dread that she had the power of injuring him, and by a simple confession upon oath banishing him the kingdom for life, made the lives of both inconceivably bitter. She survived the birth of her only child (Mark) but a few months, and died in the arms of Bridget, her mother.

At this juncture the old woman offered to take charge of the child, and rear it by her own industry,—but this the parent declined; so that, finding her situation uncomfortable, and feeling dissatisfied with the treatment which her daughter and herself had received from her ungrateful son-in-law, she suddenly retired from Killeny, taking with her a few articles of wearing apparel, and, after wandering about for several months, ultimately took up her abode at the Cliff, in the neighbourhood of which it appeared she had been born, and where she had at this time resided for nearly thirty years.

Bridget had made frequent visits to see her grandchild, always taking care, however, for reasons which she would not explain, to keep the place of her residence a secret from the elder Brennan. By these means she had, as it were, watched Mark from his infancy, though, what was somewhat singular, even when he had grown up, and when she, as it were, still kept a parental eye upon him, notwithstanding the banditti with whom he was united, to him she was unknown; and, even at the time when she was using her interest in his behalf with Sir Ludowic, and although at the same moment he was sheltered at the Cliff, he was totally unacquainted with the near relationship of his friend.

It is hardly necessary to say that the Baronet promptly forwarded the wishes of Bridget. Mark was made the lessee of a few acres of land, and furnished with the means of stocking and cultivating it, so that, after he had fairly given proof of having shaken off his early propensities, and prospered, as all good Connaught farmers do, for a few years, he eventually made the *amende honourable* to Alice O'Brian, by making her mistress of himself, his sheep, kine, and dairy, before it was too late; so that it is hard to say how many Brennans have made a figure in life, who have sprung from their union. Bridget

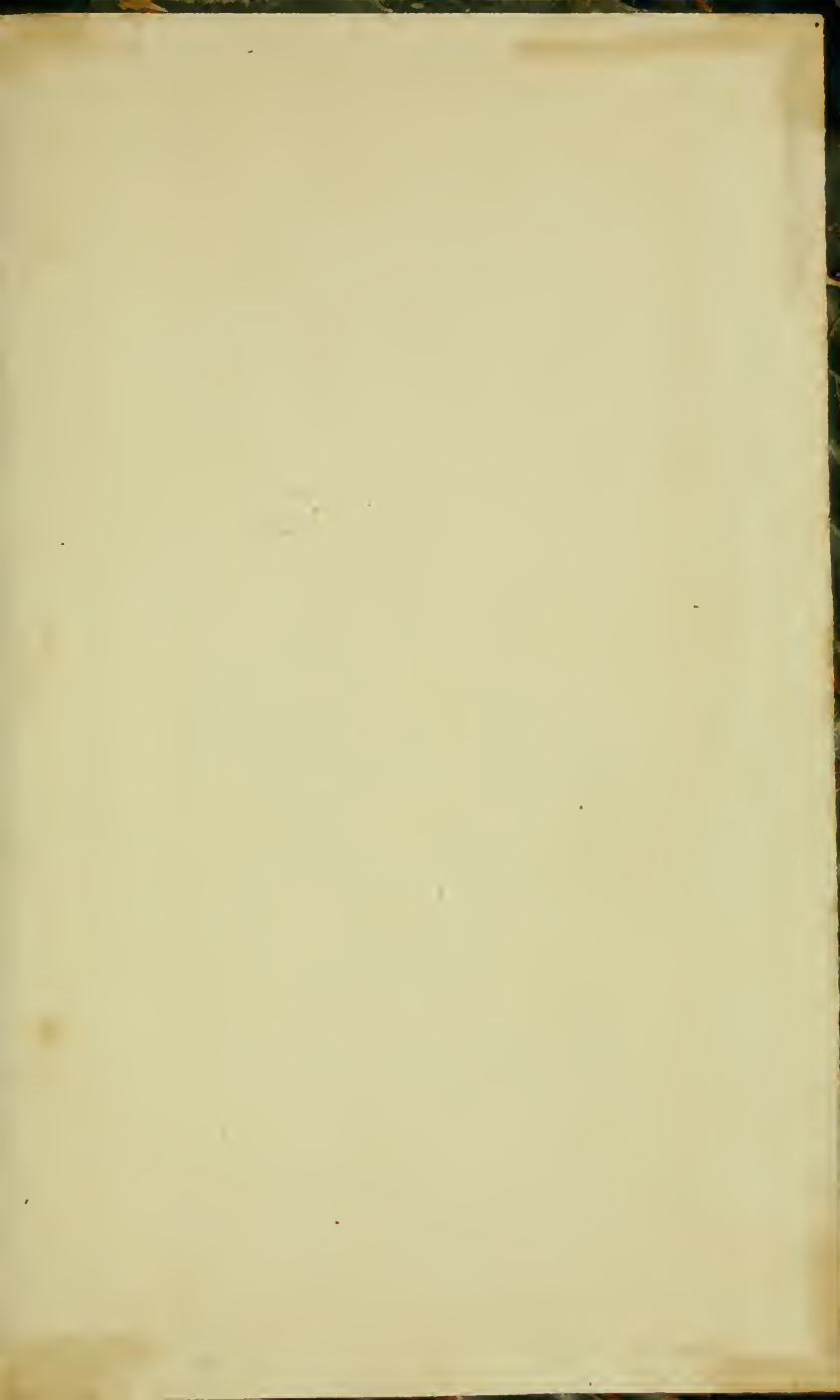
died shortly after this, and few merrier wakes have been seen, in ancient or modern times, in the county of Roscommon, than the one which saw her under the *sod*.

Father Venzani, who had along with Major Sarney, contributed not a little to the ulterior conduct of Father Gerald, died at Milan, and Anthony Lesley was carried to a French grave, a poorer refugee than he had been some years before. The green fields of his *fore-bears*, by virtue of his offences and his death, more than by decree of the Court of Session, remained in the undisturbed possession of Stirling of Keirmains; and the Mailin of Gryfeland, having seen the total extinction of the family of the Duplies, became the property of some new purchaser in the usual way, by public roup. Walter Moderwill, in returning from a shinty-match dinner in the Gorbals, mistook a certain watering-place for the bridge of Glasgow, and was found next morning drowned in his native Clyde; but it is said, by standard historians, that the good city of St. Mungo has never been unblest with a deficient complement of able writers since his day.

As for Felix O'Gorman, he left the wilds of Connaught when the abdicated King James landed in Ireland. He joined the procession of good catholics that walked in full canonicals to

congratulate the ascension of a catholic king to the throne—of Ireland. But, as King James's thrones were intended to be purely spiritual, so the gallant Felix's prospects turned out to be mere castles in the air. He fought for the cross on the banks of the Boyne, where a Dutch bullet did for him, what the stormy ripples of St. George's Channel should have done nearly twenty years before.

FINIS.



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